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LET THEM EAT GOSSIP

In view of the workplace issues raised elsewhere in this *Nation*, it might seem frivolous to talk about parties this Labor Day. Yet, the economic news dominating the press last month was the cost of the blowouts given by business magazine publisher Malcolm Forbes in Tangier and financier Saul Steinberg in the Hamptons.

Moreover, Steinberg and Forbes—and Donald Trump, George Steinbrenner, Leona Helmsley and all the other Names on the great media social circuit—are also bosses running large enterprises that employ thousands of workers. Aspects of the life styles of the rich and famous are claimed as business expenses (to an arrogant degree by Helmsley, found guilty of deducting cosmetics and underwear). And reporting on what Cleveland Amory dubbed "publiciety" does provide jobs for a lot of journalists. It took 100 of them to hail the splendor of Forbes's potlatch, along with the other servants.

Still, it may be that all this publicity will stir the slumbering populism in this country that wakes from time to time when inequity becomes so egregious that people decide it's time for them to crash the party.

In our era, working people are becoming aware that the vaunted Reagan-Bush Great American Job Machine fueled by deregulation and tax breaks for the rich has, as William Serrin points out inside, created only some low-paying jobs and much high-flying profit. Maybe the Steinberg and Forbes bashes will cause a few more people to look behind the glitz curtain and question the system itself. As the noted Texas populist Liz Smith said on *Nightline*: "I think that we're living in a time of wretched excess. Unless there is some movement in this country to change the millions, the billions of dollars that people can make overnight in Wall Street . . . these parties are a real drop in the bucket."

PANAMA CONTRAS?
Tony Avirgan

THE MYTH OF THE 'NEW WORK'
William Serrin

WOMEN HARD HATS
Susan Eisenberg

STORM BIRDS OF THE '30s
Maurice Isserman

DISQUIET IN THE HOSPITAL ZONE
Nelson Lichtenstein

JESSE'S RUN
Micah L. Sifry

ANTIAPARTHEID PROTESTS

NEW WAVE OF DEFIANCE IN SOUTH AFRICA

PIPPA GREEN

Cape Town

On an unseasonably warm winter's day in early August, about 3,500 antiapartheid activists converged on a Roman Catholic church in the middle-class Cape Town suburb of Athlone, a "colored" (mixed-race) area. The activists, most of them young and black, had come to the funeral of 20-year-old Robert Waterwitch and 22-year-old Coline Williams, cadres of the African National Congress who had been blown to pieces, apparently while attaching limpet mines to a government building.

Inside the church, the coffins were swathed with the green, black and gold flag of the proscribed A.N.C. in open defiance of a police directive that no Congress colors be displayed. Three funeral speakers, including the church's priest, cited the words used by the jailed A.N.C. leader Nelson Mandela when he established the armed wing of the liberation movement, Umkhonto we Sizwe: "The time comes in the life of any nation when there remain only two choices: submit or fight. That time has now come to South Africa." Peter Mokaba, the leader of the South African Youth Congress, was the last to use these words. By speaking, he was defying another police order, that only ordained ministers could address the crowd. As the priests said the final prayers over the coffins, a handful of police armed with shotguns strode into the churchyard, making straight for the A.N.C. flag draped over the waiting hearse. Leaping up from their orderly rows, the youths formed a wall in front of the intruders and

(*Continued on Page 278*)

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LETTERS.

RAIN FOREST POLITICS

Washington

We congratulate *The Nation* for covering violence and deforestation in the Amazon ["Defending the Rain Forest and Its People," May 22]. Susanna Hecht and Alexander Cockburn correctly emphasized that rain forest conservation in Brazil cannot be separated from social justice. And indeed, far too often activists in the developed North impose their conceptual filters on the dynamics of tropical forest regions. Unfortunately, Hecht and Cockburn's article is an example of doing just that. They egregiously misrepresent the nature and origins of the National Council of Rubber Tappers (C.N.S.) and the Alliance of the Peoples of the Forest. Hecht and Cockburn's blanket implication that First World activists are exploiting these movements to raise money for ends at odds with those of forest peoples is unfounded, and does a great disservice to their struggle for social justice.

The "Rubber Tappers' Union" Hecht and Cockburn invent in the article is presumably their mistranslation of the National Council of Rubber Tappers. There is no national rubber tappers' union. Ten local unions are members of the C.N.S., along with other groups. The misrepresentation of the C.N.S. as the "Rubber Tappers' Union," indistinguishable from the Workers' Party (P.T.), echoes the accusations made over past months in the Acre right-wing press, which has argued that the C.N.S. had become a P.T. front organization. But the council, founded in 1985, has always emphasized that it is a *nonparty* organization that seeks support from the union movement, environmental organizations and whatever national and international groups support its goals. It was founded precisely because Amazonian forest workers and dwellers saw that neither state unions nor national political parties addressed their specific, regional concerns.

Hecht and Cockburn missed the significance of the March meeting in Rio Branco they purported to report on—the formation of the Alliance of the Peoples of the Forest, uniting Indian organizations and the C.N.S. These two groups with profoundly different social and political cultures have joined to form a regionally based initiative to conserve the forest, independent of political parties and the union movement. The meeting led to a national campaign to seek support for economic alternatives for the Amazon managed by the Indians and rubber tappers. If political parties, such as the P.T., adopt platform provisions on the Amazon for the first time this year, as seems probable, it will be in response to the independent initiatives of the Indians and Rubber Tappers.

Equally misleading for *Nation* readers are the aspersions Hecht and Cockburn cast on the relations between First and Third World organizations. According to them, First World environmentalists are guilty of translating the movement's struggle "into the political syntax of First World environmentalists," and so depoliticizing it. The evidence is the supposed mistranslation of the word "union" by "association" in a rubber-tapper leader's public presentations in Washington. We assume that they refer to the Chico Mendes Memorial Service on January 25 in Washington, organized by the Environmental Defense Fund and the National Wildlife Federation. But videotapes of Raimundo de Barros's address attest that this is pure invention. Barros spoke blisteringly of political conflicts in the Amazon. His speech was covered in all the major Brazilian media, and forty-six members of Congress sent a letter to Brazilian President José Sarney calling for the arrest of those responsible for Mendes's murder.

Hecht and Cockburn's intimation that money being raised in the First World to "save the forest" is going to pay the overhead of U.S. organizations, and not to "good use" in Brazil, is grossly irresponsible. If they have any evidence that funds are being misspent or diverted from the purpose for which they are raised, they should present it. They are perhaps unaware that about $20,000 was raised by environmental groups in a very short time to defray costs of the Rio Branco meeting; that the E.D.F. Chico Mendes Fund has transferred $58,500 to the National Council to date (in part for security for local leaders); and that all of the money raised for the E.D.F. Chico Mendes Fund goes directly, without overhead or processing charges, to rubber tapper organizations.

Hecht and Cockburn indiscriminately jumble together U.S. environmental groups, politicians, rock stars and movie moguls to construct a straw man they can discredit. This obfuscates the critical fact that rain forest dwellers have overtly solicited the support of some U.S. environmental groups. Chico Mendes and his colleagues worked closely with Brazilian and U.S. environmental activists over the past four years, making trips to the United States and Europe to lobby the management and directors of the World Bank and Inter-American Development Bank, as well as directly informing U.S. and European parliamentarians on the situation in the Amazon. In another internationally publicized struggle over land rights in the Amazon—the fight of the Kayapo Indians to protect their lands from flooding by a proposed series of dams—Kayapo leaders made similar trips to North America and Europe to galvanize international support and also to lobby directly, with the E.D.F. and others, the World Bank.

The excellent interview with C.N.S. official Osmarino Amancio is the most credible part of Hecht and Cockburn's article. But for a visa, he was to have been the keynote speaker at a recent New York seminar on the environment and human rights in Brazil, sponsored by the E.D.F, Amnesty International U.S.A., the New York Rainforest Alliance and other groups.

Hecht and Cockburn's charge of a "void between solicitude and political reality" is serious indeed. It opens a gulf—into which they fall headfirst.

Stephan Schwartzman
Staff Anthropologist
Bruce Rich
Senior Attorney
Environmental Defense Fund

HECHT AND COCKBURN REPLY

Rio Branco/London

Readers may be pardoned for concluding from Stephan Schwartzman and Bruce Rich's somewhat petulant letter that our article consisted mostly of a fierce assault on the Environmental Defense Fund. In fact we were making some general comments about what we called "the always ambiguous dialectic between First World conscience and Third World conditions." So far as the E.D.F. specifically is concerned, it has done some outstanding work in publicizing the struggle of forest peoples and in furthering their cause. That said, it is disappointing to find Rich/Schwartzman so reluctant to concede even for a moment the importance of thinking about the deficiencies and dangers in the dialectic referred to above. It is indeed ambiguous, and damagingly so, as the Rich/Schwartzman letter itself demonstrates.

Take their response to our observation that North American environmental groups have tried to obscure the political ties and union affiliations of rubber tappers. Now, most of the North American groups are coalitions, led by people steeped in the political syntax of Washington, with one ear cocked to government, whether in the legislative or executive branch, and the other to their funders and boards of trustees. These are the facts of life. The E.D.F. invited Senators Al Gore and Robert Kasten as well as then–Secretary of the Treasury James Baker to the memorial for Chico Mendes. (Baker didn't show.) It is certainly possible to make a case for inviting three such powerful political figures, but Rich/Schwartzman should not get upset if people point out the implications of such overtures.

At the Mendes memorial, rubber-tapper leader Raimundo de Barros said "international capital" was devastating the forest. In translation those words were dropped by Schwartzman, as witnesses to the event have noted. It is not senseless to try to deal with powerful politicians, but outfits stretching out the right hand to power often forget they

(*Continued on Page 291*)

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CONTENTS.

Volume 249, Number 8

LETTERS
262

EDITORIALS
261 Let Them Eat Gossip
263 Panama *Contras*? *Tony Avirgan*
265 Dawn in Poland *Daniel Singer*

COLUMNS
266 Beat the Devil *Alexander Cockburn*
268 Beltway Bandits *David Corn*

ARTICLES
261 Antiapartheid Protests: New Wave of Defiance in South Africa *Pippa Green*
269 The Myth of the "New Work": A Great American Job Machine? *William Serrin*
272 The New Worker: Women Hard Hats Speak Out *Susan Eisenberg*
276 Prague Summer of '89: A Journey to "Absurdistan" *Janet Fleischman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
282 Nelson: Workers on the Waterfront: Seamen, Longshoremen, and Unionism in the 1930s
Freeman: In Transit: The Transport Workers Union in New York City, 1933–1966 *Maurice Isserman*
284 Fink and Greenberg: Upheaval in the Quiet Zone: A History of Hospital Workers' Union, Local 1199 *Nelson Lichtenstein*
286 In the Tetons (poem) *Ron De Maris*
287 Colton: The Jackson Phenomenon: The Man, the Power, the Message *Micah L. Sifry*
288 Barrington: History and Geography
Altizer: The Man Who Died en Route *Robyn Selman*
289 Music *Edward W. Said*

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EDITORIALS.

Panama *Contras*?

When we received the following story by Tony Avirgan, we felt a twinge of institutional memory. In an editorial in its issue of November 19, 1960, The Nation *quoted Dr. Ronald Hilton, a Latin America scholar, regarding reports in Guatemala that the Central Intelligence Agency had acquired land and was using it as a training ground for a force of "Cuban counter-revolutionaries who are preparing for an eventual landing in Cuba." The rest, as they say, is history.*

Avirgan's reporting on what might develop into another Bay of Pigs, this time in Panama, has, so far as we are aware, appeared in this country in only two places. What follows is an updating and expansion of the story, which he uncovered. Avirgan has shown commendable diligence, but there is a limit to what a single journalist can unearth. We can do no better than quote the 1960 Nation *editorial:*

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We ourselves, of course, pretend to no first-hand knowledge of the facts; nevertheless, we feel an obligation to bring the subject to public attention. If Washington is ignorant of the existence of the base, or, knowing that it exists, is nevertheless innocent of any involvement in it, then surely the appropriate authorities will want to scotch all invidious rumors and issue a full statement of the real facts. On the other hand, if the reports as heard by Dr. Hilton are true, then public pressure should be brought to bear upon the Administration to abandon this dangerous and harebrained project.

There is a second reason we believe the reports merit publication: they can, and should, be checked immediately by all U.S. news media.

San José, Costa Rica

Sources here say that Nicaraguan *contras* and Panamanians are being armed, trained and infiltrated into Panama to await orders to begin sabotage and other military actions aimed at driving Gen. Manuel Noriega from power. The Central Intelligence Agency is said to be playing a major role in the formation of the guerrilla groups.

Interviews with a dozen persons involved with or close to the "Panamanian *contras*" reveal that there are at least four groups, made up mostly of Miskito Indians and blacks from Nicaragua's Atlantic Coast and former members of the Panamanian Defense Forces (P.D.F.).

With the deterioration of the *contra* forces and the winding down of the war in Nicaragua, thousands of former *contras*, unwilling to return home, are out of work and living in Honduras and Costa Rica. Unlike Panamanians, they are experienced, if not successful, in guerrilla warfare. Modesto Watson, a former *contra* and administrator of a U.N. refugee camp for Atlantic Coast Nicaraguans, says he has firsthand knowledge of sixty Nicaraguan *contras* going to Panama to fight against Noriega. Watson, who is now in private business in Limón, on Costa Rica's Atlantic Coast, maintains contact with the *contra* community in Costa Rica.

"There's a lot of them that don't know anything else but being in the bush holding a weapon," Watson said. "The strategic allies [a euphemism for the C.I.A.] prefer them because they have experience as fighters and the Panamanians have no experience." Watson said his friends have joined about 900 others, some Nicaraguans and some Panamanians, at a camp thirty miles south of the Costa Rican border in Panama. He says the camp is supplied by ships and planes sent in by the "strategic allies."

A Costa Rican pilot who made airdrops to the *contras* for the C.I.A. says he was approached to make drops to camps in Panama. He declined. A Costa Rican attorney who fought against Anastasio Somoza in Nicaragua and later against the Sandinistas says he is now involved in the formation of a guerrilla force for Panama. The lawyer, who asked not to be named, said unemployed *contras*, particularly Miskitos and blacks, are being recruited and lodged in safe houses near San José, awaiting orders from the C.I.A. to move into Panama.

Panamanian exile José Manuel Echevers is a leader of a group called Flash, an acronym, with a bit of license, for the Hugo Spadafora Armed Liberation Front. Echevers calls himself "Noriega's number one enemy" and claims to have armed men under his command on the Panamanian side of the border. His group, like the others, says it is acting in the memory of Spadafora, a former Panamanian deputy health minister who fought against the Sandinistas and was a staunch opponent of Noriega until he was decapitated during a secret trip to Panama in 1985. A coffee processing plant Echevers owned in southern Costa Rica was blown up last November by men believed to be members of the P.D.F. In February, Costa Rican security police raided Echevers's house outside San José and found automatic weapons.

A veteran of the Panamanian military intelligence service and former officer of the P.D.F. says he is leading a commando group that will soon carry out raids in Panama. The officer says his group is made up entirely of former Panamanian soldiers and will begin operations "when orders come from my superiors in the U.S."

In southern Costa Rica, bits of circumstantial evidence also indicate the presence of "Panamanian *contras.*" A U.S. Embassy consular officer recently dispatched to the south to look into disputes between U.S. citizen residents and squatters said, "All anyone wanted to talk about was the Panamanians." Costa Rican Rural Guard patrols report coming across cleared areas in the jungle that have obviously been used as ranges for firing automatic weapons. Numerous border residents report seeing patrols of heavily armed, nonuniformed Panamanians on the Costa Rican side of the frontier. "Chico," a cantina operator in the tiny town of Pavones, says that recently a Panamanian came into town and hired people to go to Golfito, the nearest sizable town, to buy $1,200 worth of food and transport it to the mountains on the nearby border. In late July a delegation of Indian leaders walked out of the mountains into Pavones and complained to local police that nonuniformed, armed Panamanians were harassing Indians and stealing their food.

Panamanian leaders have complained to Costa Rica about the alleged use of Costa Rican territory by U.S.-backed anti-Noriega forces. Costa Rican Public Security Minister Hernan Garron dismissed their accusations, saying there are "no Panamanian forces on Costa Rican soil."

The formation of the anti-Noriega guerrilla groups has given new vigor to the Costa Rican arms trade. Former *contras*, hard up for cash, have found they can easily sell their weapons in northern Costa Rican towns such as Ciudad Quesada. Those weapons eventually find their way to the house of Maria de Jesus in a western suburb of San José. Maria, a Nicaraguan experienced in trafficking arms to the *contras*, has put out the word that she's in business again, this time for the coming war in Panama.

Despite its neutrality laws, Costa Rica provides fertile ground from which to launch anti-Noriega activities. A recent survey conducted by a Gallup affiliate in Costa Rica shows that only 23 percent of Costa Ricans oppose U.S. military actions against Panama. A similar survey in 1985 showed 85 percent opposing any type of military action against Nicaragua. Radio Impacto, a San José station set up by the C.I.A. to broadcast rock music and propaganda to Nicaragua, now devotes half its attention to Panama.

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The future of the "Panamanian *contras*" is uncertain. Some of them speak of imminent military actions. Others say they are being kept on hold until the "right political moment." Some of the recruits say their mission will be to wage an all-out war against Noriega and his supporters. Others say they will carry out sabotage operations to cause instability and possibly set off a chain of events resulting in U.S. military intervention. In a situation reminiscent of what happened to the *contras* in the early 1980s, many complain that they are receiving mixed signals from the C.I.A. and are being kept in the dark regarding their actual goals.

However, the very fact that the "Panamanian *contras*" are being formed, and the manner in which it is being done, shows that at least some people involved in covert U.S. activities haven't learned a thing or changed a bit in the past ten years. TONY AVIRGAN

Tony Avirgan is a reporter based in Costa Rica.

Dawn in Poland

Dual power, Lenin wrote, cannot last long. But just how long? The question came to mind as the wistful and soft-spoken Tadeusz Mazowiecki became the first elected Eastern European Prime Minister since the 1940s who is not the nominee of the Communist Party. Dual power prevails in Poland because the party still has Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski in the presidency and retains control over the armed forces.

History, however, is picking up its pace. The nation is in transition, and the issue, crucial for the whole of Eastern Europe, is, Transition to what?

In Poland this is first of all a question for the Communist Party, which cannot go on being propped up by the organs of repression. Deprived of the power of patronage in the economy through the *nomenklatura*, and probably stripped of its control over the media, the party—which has been essentially a machine for carrying orders from above—will have to discover for itself a new function, a new vocation, a new legitimacy. The inner conflicts will be bitter.

For the small parties that were for years junior partners in the ruling coalition—the Peasant Party, or Z.S.L., to follow its Polish initials, and the Democratic Party, or S.D.—this is a birth rather than a resurrection. Yesterday's ventriloquist's dummies have suddenly discovered a voice of their own and must learn how to use it. Their transformation, inspired by fear of the voters, has altered the parliamentary equation.

Yet it is Solidarity that faces the greatest challenge. The men who are now taking the helm served their political apprenticeships underground and in jail, not in Her Majesty's opposition (Mazowiecki has more experience than his colleagues because he did sit in Parliament, in the 1960s, as a "progressive Catholic"). And they are taking over in stormy seas. According to official figures, in the first seven months of the year, prices rose by 84 percent and incomes even faster. The outgoing regime made a bonfire of government controls, and the sky is now the limit for food prices. Workers throughout the country are trying to catch up by striking for higher wages or threatening to do so. It took the prestige of Lech Walesa and Mazowiecki to end the strikes of Silesian miners and the railway workers of Lodz. Solidarity undoubtedly has the backing of the Polish people, but the new government will quickly have to show how it intends to deal with the economic crisis.

Paradoxically, both the new government and the old, Solidarity and the C.P., favor a switch to a "full market economy" as the ultimate solution. But because the market is really effective only when it can exercise its tyranny, that is, whether they admit it or not, a euphemism for a gradual transition to capitalism. Is this what the Polish people wish? If asked in a referendum whether they would like to live like the Americans, or like the Swedes for that matter, they would overwhelmingly answer yes. But that's not the issue. Solutions must be found to Poland's predicament, and the answers are neither neutral nor ecumenical. They will affect different social groups in different ways. The decisions taken by the new government will have an influence on wage and income differentials, on the future of the welfare state, on forms of property; that is to say, not just upon wealth but upon power in the factory and beyond. The answers will thus suggest whether Solidarity is still a labor movement or has become a political party.

The new Prime Minister exemplifies this dilemma. In August 1980, when Poland was paralyzed by strikes, Mazowiecki, a prominent Catholic journalist, took the initiative of circulating a petition among intellectuals backing the strikers. He carried the text to Gdansk and became, together with Bronislaw Geremek and a handful of others, an "expert" helping the strikers. The intellectuals were then the assistants, offering their services to the workers, who were presenting worker interests as those of society as a whole. Today the positions seem, to some extent, reversed. The intellectuals are in office with a vague mandate to clean up the mess. Will they ask the workers to subordinate their interests to what the "experts" consider to be the national good?

The question is neither rhetorical nor irrelevant. The new government may proceed with the transition to capitalism at the risk of running into trouble with its own constituency. It could also experiment with workers' control and self-management to discover new forms of economic democracy and demonstrate to Eastern Europe, and the world at large, that the choice is not solely between neo-Stalinism and neo-capitalism. As things stand, the best chance for a fresh solution resides less in the policies advocated than in the working-class roots of Solidarity and the deep egalitarian feelings of the working people of Poland. DANIEL SINGER

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

TO OUR READERS

With this issue *The Nation* resumes its weekly publication schedule.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Battle Hymns, Ancient and Modern

The bit of Scotland where I was born, above Inverness, was off-limits to my father, it a high security area and he a high security risk, being not only a Scot but a Communist and the Second World War being almost two years old. This was the period of the Nazi-Soviet pact, terminated a couple of weeks after I was born, when Hitler invaded the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941. My father always regarded the pact as something the Western powers had forced Stalin into. I was interested to see Professor Norman Stone, no Soviet lover, writing in the London *Times* of August 16 that Stalin "had no alternative, because the western powers were not seriously interested in the alternative, an alliance with Russia that would have given him 'security' of a different kind." Three days later *The Times* published a letter from a man recalling that in 1938 the British Ambassador to Berlin, Sir Nevile Henderson, wanted the paper to promote Hitler as "the apostle of peace," since war would only serve the purposes of "Jews, communists and doctrinaires."

Now, fifty years since the sirens sounded following Chamberlain's speech announcing the start of war, on September 3, 1939, many Americans probably follow Reagan's lead, symbolized by his jaunt to Bitburg, in believing that the anniversaries of the war celebrate an alliance between the United States and Germany against the Soviet Union. Certainly for many the memory of the pact burns brighter than, say, Stalingrad. The cold warriors fight on.

Take a silly piece by Rick Hertzberg of *The New Republic* in the Gannett Center for Media Studies *Journal*:

> The great issue on the political left through the 1950s was the Soviet Union, and here *The Nation* did not distinguish itself. A stronghold of "fellow-traveling" liberalism, it was always prepared to make excuses for Stalin. . . . It is no longer even remotely fair to describe *The Nation* as pro-communist. Some of its current contributors—Washington columnists Jefferson Morley and Christopher Hitchens, Sovietologist Stephen F. Cohen, socialist Michael Harrington and European correspondent Daniel Singer—are trenchant critics of Soviet ideology and behavior. But the magazine displays a lingering obsession with "victims" of McCarthyism (Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs, the Hollywood Ten) and a visceral sympathy with Third World leftist authoritarianisms. To this day it has never fully recovered from its failure to break decisively with Communism.

Old Hitchens should feel very snug bedded down between Morley and Cohen, but I won't go on; you know my views. I wonder if it ever occurs to Hertzberg and the other apparatchiks of *The New Republic* that an intellectual historian may one day write that they never fully recovered from their failure to break decisively with Martin Peretz.

Rising ostensibly to *The Nation*'s defense came Doug Ireland of *The Village Voice*, criticizing Hertzberg for "sloppy history":

> *The Nation*, to be sure, was blind as a fellow-traveling bat in the 1940s under the editorship of that old Stalinoid Freda Kirchwey, but recovered its independence under a great investigative journalist, Carey McWilliams.

Between Hertzberg and Ireland, it's hard to choose who's the lazier thinker. Actually *The Nation* was far more fun in Kirchwey's day than at any time subsequently. But what is striking is the changeless idiocy of such attacks. Now as in the 1930s and since, anyone who sympathizes with the Soviet Union or even merely seeks to untangle fact from legend and superstition without unreservedly condemning communism is a Stalinist or Stalinoid, which rhymes with "paranoid," thus sounding weaker yet more psychotic than the bustling "Stalinist." (Since Ireland is sensitive to homophobia, he should also look at his reference here to bats. How would he like it if I said he was as batty as an old queen?) In 1952 *The New Leader* spoke of "the assorted Stalinoids and 'muddleheads' " sponsoring a *Nation* conference. In 1946 *Partisan Review* discussed *The Nation* under the heading "The 'Liberal' Fifth Column," almost exactly the title *The New Republic*'s editors put on a denunciation of my work two years ago.

To this day liberals who attack *The Nation* seem frustrated that its editors have never apologized for its most militant chief, Freda Kirchwey, who joined the magazine in 1918 and directed it from 1936 to 1955. In a footnote to her psycho-biography of Kirchwey, *A Woman of The Nation*, Sara Alpern observes, "FK never wrote, as *New Republic* editor Malcolm Cowley did, of a 'sense of guilt' for carrying on a courtship with Russia during the war years." Nor have any of her successors, though on this score *The Nation* has not been entirely noble. Those responsible for a 1965 anthology, *One Hundred Years of The Nation*, included no historical essay on her tenure and not one of her many tough editorials, perhaps uncomfortable that the strong injections of socialist and even revolutionary ideology from the period might disturb the mantra of "independence" that *Nation* editors like to repeat to themselves for reassurance.

Who Are Friends? Who Are Enemies?

The charge of Stalinism against *The Nation* extends back to the 1930s, when Kirchwey endorsed Stalin's appeals for collective security. As today, the most persistent critics were those who saw no difference between Stalinism (or even broadly, communism) and fascism. Kirchwey refused ever to make such an equation. To her the "basic conflict" was "between fascism and democracy—a struggle in which the forces of revolution must support and win the support of all the friends of democracy, while the forces of capitalism will gradually, and often unwillingly, form an alliance with the cohorts of fascism."

And while men on Wall Street spoke of "coming to terms" with Hitler, she could have no time for Trotskyist zealots and others on the left preoccupied with drafting manifestos and forming committees that would only drive a wedge into the antifascist opposition. The Communist Party, which she called "a nuisance or menace to all its op-

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ponents," was nonetheless an ally. For fascism's victory would mean "the end of socialism and the Soviet government and the essence of western civilization as well." In a world divided between fascists and antifascists, the Soviet Union, no matter how badly it might behave, was decidedly antifascist.

When the Stalin-Hitler pact was made, *The Nation* lamented that it would take the stuffing out of the antifascist alliance (which it did) and called it a "colossal diplomatic victory" for Hitler and a "solid and menacing fact." But looking ahead Kirchwey could see that "the long-range ambitions of Stalin and Hitler are bound to clash. Behind the ideologies of the two countries lie older and deeper conflicts." Through the bleak days of the pact and afterward, even as she criticized Soviet actions, she insisted on clarifying these differences and, of greater distress to her adversaries, pointing out fascism's ideological debt to the West. In 1940 she wrote to Louis Fischer: "Non-Stalinist lefts have to teach the public how to draw distinctions between the ideas that went into the revolution, the achievements that still live . . . and, in our own country, the hopes of the left-liberal elements between these and the products of Stalinism in Russia and here. . . . We face the need of making and popularizing discriminations that are damned hard to put over."

By the war's end such discriminations became a casualty of anticommunist exuberance, as old enemies renewed their attacks, new enemies massed, anticommunist strains within the staff intensified and the political culture shriveled. Still, Alpern writes, Kirchwey "clung to the belief that the Soviet Union and the United States were on the same side." Since the United States and the Soviet Union were in fact allies, it wasn't a very radical belief to cling to. People forget that in the waning days of the war and immediately after, there was substantial public sentiment in the West for continued peace and cooperation with the Russians. What seems to have maddened anticommunist liberals at the time and obviously maddens them still is that Kirchwey refused for herself and *The Nation* the role of cold warrior. By putting "victims" in those quotation marks Hertzberg expressed the traditional inability of cold war liberals to recognize the vital role they played in domestic repression.

Stalinoidism's Naked Face

Certainly the abuse flung at Kirchwey at the time and ignorantly repeated by people such as Ireland is scarcely credible. Here, after all, was a woman who had no trouble praising the Marshall Plan not only because it would help Europe recover but also because its "incidental" effect would be that the West could "resist Communist aggression"; whose magazine, in discussing the 1948 coup in Czechoslovakia, pointed to the "aggressive designs of a foreign tyranny"; who thought the Communists had too much influence over Henry Wallace and for that and other reasons (e.g., perceived differences between the Republicans and Democrats) refused to support his 1948 bid for the presidency; who in 1952 ran a piece, "Revolution Is Our Business," by William O. Douglas making the case for the benevolence of U.S. imperialism—enlightened "generosity" was how he put it, fortified by technical assistance, capital investment, encouragement of unions, etc.—to "save those people [principally in Asia and the Middle East] from the curse of Soviet imperialism"; who in 1948 acknowledged Americans' fear of their country becoming "an exposed island in a totalitarian sea"; who wrote, in 1939, "The horrors that fascism wreaked in Spain are being repeated, in the name of peace and socialism, in Finland. And the contemptible pretenses that have accompanied fascist aggression—pretenses brilliantly exposed and excoriated by Litvinov in his unforgotten speeches at Geneva—are now being revived by the government that dismissed him in forms so brazen and bizarre as to seem almost like caricatures of their fascist models."

"As to seem almost like caricatures . . . " Therein appears to lie the crime of Freda Kirchwey. Had she written "as to equal in every respect their fascist models" or, better, "that we can only conclude that between National Socialism and revolutionary socialism there are distinctions neither of degree nor kind," she would doubtless have been hailed the conscience of the left, and the circle of anticommunist liberalism would have been complete.

But Kirchwey did not shop in the boutiques of received opinion and was not transfixed, as *The Nation* often seems today, by fear of being seen as somehow too left-wing. The tonic of pieces like Hitchens's rather pompous criticisms of Fidel Castro a couple of weeks ago brings a glow to Navasky's cheeks that lingers gloriously like sunset over the New Jersey marshes. (Hitchens, by the way, anchored his column with a quotation from a speech by Fidel, who, according to Hitchypoo, said, "Within the revolution—everything. Outside the revolution—nothing." What Castro said on June 30, 1961, was "Dentro de la revolución—todo. Contra la revolución—ningún derecho." It is hard to make "contra" mean "outside," though the common mistranslation is a shade more congenial to the Hitchens type of attack.)

In the course of cataloguing the attacks on Kirchwey and *The Nation*, Alpern shows the level of her own insight by invoking the icon of anticommunist liberalism: "The 'sin' George Orwell ascribed to 'nearly all left-wingers from 1933 onwards,' that 'they have wanted to be anti-Fascist without being anti-totalitarian,' could be aimed accurately at Freda Kirchwey during the next decade of her editorship" (i.e., 1945-55). Kirchwey had no trouble calling a totalitarian a totalitarian. But her politics were motivated, throughout the postwar period, by a concern not only that World War III was around the corner but also that world fascism had been only temporarily halted with the defeat of Hitler. She was right, and it was not so many years later that Juan José Arévalo, predecessor of Jácobo Arbenz, told the people of Guatemala, "The arms of the Third Reich were broken and conquered . . . but in the ideological dialogue . . . Roosevelt lost the war. The real winner was Hitler."

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Leland's Legacy

One of Representative Mickey Leland's last acts in Washington was to release a report on the future of U.S. relations with the developing world. Commissioned by Leland, Representative Matthew McHugh and Senator Mark Hatfield, and prepared under the auspices of the Arms Control and Foreign Policy Caucus, the report urges a drastic overhaul of U.S. policy. Like many other studies and think tank proclamations on the subject of development, this one calls for replacing the entrenched East-West mind-set with attention to North-South relations. More than that, it convincingly explains how underdevelopment in the Third World not only causes misery for many people overseas but also presents challenges to the legitimate security interests of the United States—not to be confused with the traditional "national interest" that has long provided cover for U.S. intervention in the Third World. Deforestation is but one example. Partly a product of desperate economic conditions, it accounts for 25 percent of global warming and destroys genetic materials needed for medicines used in the United States.

The document grimly reports that only 24 percent of U.S. foreign aid goes to long-term development. The rest goes to military assistance, "humanitarian" aid and economic support funds—payoffs to countries deemed of strategic importance to the United States. The study recommends increased investment in multilateral development programs that benefit the poor of the Third World and are environmentally sound, a marked change from many current projects. This sort of investment could produce paybacks for the North, reducing economic pressures that fuel the drug trade and enhancing global political stability.

To free resources for such development, Leland and his colleagues idealistically ask that all countries cut their military spending in half by the year 2000. That's some goal, but as Leland said, "The time has come for big steps." Congress may add a couple of million dollars to a hunger or assistance program in honor of Leland, but it would be more of a tribute if each member took the time to read the report and act to reach that target.

■ A Different Arms Race

The Leland-McHugh-Hatfield report also calls for immediately reducing global military aid and sales. (An exception is made for "Camp David countries," a shameful reminder that on Capitol Hill aid to Israel remains untouchable.) This would require a major shift in direction. According to a recent report by the Congressional Research Service, in 1988 U.S. arms transfers to the developing world "dramatically" increased, growing from $5.8 billion in 1987 to $9.2 billion. More than half of that is financed by U.S. aid programs. Although the Soviet Union remains the number one weapons supplier to the Third World, it came close to relinquishing the title to the United States. In 1988 the Soviet total was $9.9 billion, down from $19.4 billion in 1987.

■ So Because You Were Massacred, I Should Suffer?

When Leland looked at a map of the world, he saw people. When Henry Kissinger looks, he sees a chessboard and a profit statement. Last month in a syndicated Op-Ed article, Kissinger mused that the massacre in Tiananmen Square was rather insignificant in the grand scheme of things and called for some understanding of his old pal, Deng Xiaoping. After all, Kissinger noted (and not so incorrectly), "No government in the world would have tolerated having the main square of its capital occupied for eight weeks." He was aghast that Congress had voted to impose sanctions against China. The United States, he lectured, still needs to keep the China card ready and should think twice before offending the thugs in power.

It must be convenient for Kissinger when geopolitics overlaps with personal finances. As head of Kissinger Associates, he receives fees—reportedly in excess of $200,000 per client—for advising such corporations as Shearson Lehman Hutton, Fluor, Atlantic Richfield, H.J. Heinz, Union Carbide, Chase Manhattan Bank, Coca-Cola and American Express. Each of those firms does business in China. When Heinz, for one, wanted to build a baby-food factory there, it turned to Kissinger, who made the necessary introductions. No doubt those Chinese officials with whom he acquaints U.S. corporate honchos will long appreciate Kissinger's public defense. So the next time you see Kissinger spouting off about China, remember his own stake in U.S.-Chinese trade. It's something that he neglected to mention in his article and that the good editors of *The Washington Post* (one paper in which it appeared) did not think worth noting either. Also keep his professional contacts in mind when you see him introduced on *Nightline* as a member of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, a post that gives him access to classified material that could be useful in formulating strategic advice for globe-trotting corporations.

■ This Column Wants You

This edition of "Beltway Bandits" marks the departure of Jefferson Morley from the column. Morley is off to devote his energies to other projects for the magazine. On this occasion, allow me to extend an invitation to a certain, albeit small, class of Washingtonians: those who possess independent spirits and critical faculties, whether they be Capitol Hill denizens, lobbyists, civil servants, spooks or simply citizens. Send me examples of whatever outrages you about the goings-on in this town: memorandums (classified and unclassified); overlooked testimony; suppressed draft reports; credit card receipts of your favorite Cabinet member; and, of course, tips on D.C. sleaze. Write to "Beltway Bandits," *The Nation*, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Suite 308, Washington, DC 20002, (202) 546-2239. I will happily acknowledge those who supply the goods. But if the material is truly fine, it can always be left to a nod and a wink.

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ARTICLES.

THE MYTH OF THE 'NEW WORK'

A Great American Job Machine?

WILLIAM SERRIN

There is a lot of talk these days about the "New Work." Government statisticians, workplace sociologists, labor economists, the business press and ardent free-marketeers are telling us that the economy is generating millions of jobs that are clean, sophisticated, relatively high-paying and mentally challenging—in short, the antithesis of the dirty, boring, repetitive, low-paying jobs that have been with us since the rise of the factory system and the introduction of office machines in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

As the authorities usually define it, the New Work utilizes computer-based technologies, the "smart" machines spawned by the revolution in microelectronics and telecommunications. It is work in which increased amounts of information are made available to employees, theoretically increasing their authority and making the workplace more democratic. The old work is authoritarian; it is done in steel mills and in outmoded coal mines, in traditional automobile plants, in logging tracts, in clothing manufacturing centers. The meter reader banging on your back door is an Old Worker, as is a stitcher at a sewing machine, a typist, a janitor, a truck driver, a toll collector.

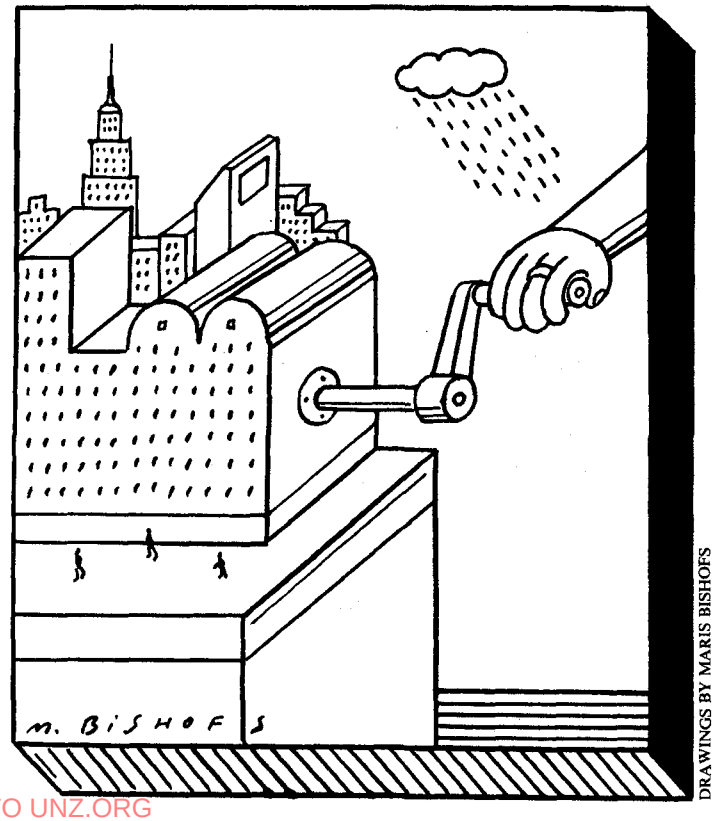
The New Workers often use word processing or other computer-based systems on video display terminals or programmable machines; they are employed in medical research, in computer design and construction, in advanced banking and other office operations; in the gleaming, highly automated manufacturing plants, complete with robotics, such as the new Japanese-owned automobile factories or General Motors' Saturn automobile plant in Tennessee.

On closer examination, however, the utopian vision of the prophets of the New Work turns out to be largely a mirage. In reality, most of the jobs created in this country in the past decade are pretty much like the old jobs. They are generally poorly remunerated, the pay and benefits as low as management can offer and still attract the people it needs, yet avoid unionization at the same time. They are largely like jobs on the traditional assembly line: repetitive and boring. For example, a typical worker at a VDT in a large word-processing "factory" makes 10,000 to 15,000 keystrokes an hour. Often there is little opportunity for contact with co-workers; nor is there much chance for creativity. There are numerous other new jobs like this employing computer technology—supermarket checkout clerk, fast-food worker, clerical worker in the back office of a financial house, inventory clerk in a wholesale warehouse—every bit as dull and routinized.

Much of the New Work in both the manufacturing and the service sectors are located in parts of the country where there is little union tradition and where a company's economic expansion is considered a boon to local governments, which offer lower taxes and other incentives. Decades ago, corporations sent recruiters to the black South or even Eastern and Central Europe to find malleable workers to bring to their factories. Now they simply transfer their operations to regions where the more malleable workers are found. Such moves within the United States have been facilitated by the extensive expressway system and the deregulation of the trucking industry, as well as by computers and new communications technologies—the foundations of the New Work.

As a result, the New Work is nonunion; only 5 percent of the fast-growing service industries are unionized. (Currently, 14.2 percent of private-sector employees are unionized, versus 16.7 percent of all workers.) Fighting unionism aggressively, including hiring replacement workers instead of closing down, and subcontracting out work during strikes, is accepted behavior among many employers, as it was earlier this century.

Despite much ballyhoo about creative, mutually participatory relationships between employers and employees—various terms are used, including "employee ownership," "quality circles," "self-management," "workplace participation" and "Japanese-style management"—the New Work is often rigidly controlled and characterized by authoritarian-



DRAWINGS BY MARIS BISHOFS

William Serrin formerly covered labor for The New York Times *and is now writing a book about the decline of the steel industry.*

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ism. A worker's immediate superior can be the traditional foreman or supervisor or, in this electronic age, it can be the computer itself, monitoring keystrokes and other kinds of output. "The old assembly-line chain, the old notion of machine pacing, has been replaced by electronic controls," says Harley Shaiken, a workplace expert at the University of California, San Diego. There may be a "facilitator" to smooth relations between employee and employer, but the boss is still the boss.

Although there have been signs of a slowdown in recent months, the economy really has been creating a large number of jobs—about 17.6 million so far in the 1980s. Some of these are good positions, particularly in the managerial and professional areas. Pay can run into the tens of thousands of dollars; benefits can be substantial; workplaces are attractive; and workers many times have substantial independence. These are the jobs the authorities focus on when they talk of the New Work, but here are some more representative characteristics of this work:

§ Half the jobs created in the United States between 1979 and 1987 paid wages below the poverty level for a family of four, said a 1988 report of the Senate Budget Committee. (That is currently $12,091.) Since the average wage in the United States is $14,733, according to Census Bureau statistics, what keeps many families out of poverty is extra income. Just like the old days, everybody often has to work: mothers, fathers and teen-age children. Violations of child labor laws have doubled, the Labor Department said this spring, from almost 10,000 in 1982 to nearly 20,500 in 1988.

§ Most of the new jobs are not high-tech but low-tech. Rather than calling for computer programmers or operators or technicians, or for other professionals, they call for restaurant workers, bank or sales clerks, hotel maids, computer assemblers, health care employees. Although many of these jobholders dress like white-collar workers, they do blue-collar work. Of the 15.2 million net jobs created between 1980 and 1988, the majority are in the service-producing category; 50.6 percent are found in government-defined services alone, which include business services (16.3 percent) and health services (12.3 percent). Retail trade accounts for another 26.9 percent of the new jobs, and restaurants 11 percent. In contrast, manufacturing had a net loss of 882,000 jobs between 1980 and 1988.

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Most of the new jobs are relatively low-paying. In 1988 the average weekly wage in manufacturing was $418. The average weekly wage for retail trade that year was $184; for services, $290; and for finance, insurance and real estate, $326. John Sweeney, president of the Service Employees International Union, and Karen Nussbaum, executive director of 9 to 5, a union that represents office workers, write in their new book, *Solutions for the New Work Force*, that "throughout the nation, the low pay standard set by the service industries is fast becoming the norm for all firms."

§ While much attention has been given in recent months to attempts by Congress to raise the minimum wage, a largely untold story is that many workers continue to earn less than the present rate of $3.35, in violation of Federal law. A recent General Accounting Office report said sweatshop conditions exist in restaurants and meatpacking in addition to garment manufacturing. The number of workers employed at below minimum wage is not known; but those knowledgeable about the working poor say the number is substantial, particularly in inner cities and in areas with large numbers of recent immigrants, like southern California and the Southwest.

§ Both employed and unemployed people are experiencing a substantial erosion of benefits. The number of Americans with no health insurance—37 million in 1986—is growing by 1 million a year, Sweeney and Nussbaum say. Fewer than half of U.S. workers are covered by pension plans, government figures show, a significant drop from the 1970s. And two-thirds of those without jobs collect no unemployment benefits.

§ About one-fourth of all jobholders are contingent workers—temporary, part-time, leased or contract employees. Statistics on this category of workers are not kept directly, but Richard Belous, senior economist for the National Planning Association, writes that one-third to half of new jobs in the 1980s have been contingent work, paying on average substantially less than full-time employment. Only about 60 percent of U.S. workers are employed full-time the year round, contend economists Bennett Harrison and Barry Bluestone in their book *The Great U-Turn*.

§ Contrary to the claims of numerous articles that the new computer-based systems are making it possible to work at home, the number of workers affected is neither large nor substantially expanding—it is currently 1.3 million. Most of them are "upscale" workers who perform their tasks on word processors: writers, consultants, computer experts. Actually, the largest category of home workers—that is, those who work full-time at home—is the same as it has always been: the housewife, currently numbering 27.5 million. There has also been a rise in sweatshop-style home workers, who commonly sew at home, often enlisting the aid of their children [see Osha Davidson, "Doing Home Work Down on the Farm," *The Nation*, July 17].

§ Work in the United States continues to be highly dangerous. Each year more than 10,000 employees, nearly 30 a day, are killed on the job, and 70,000 are permanently disabled. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. says that another 100,000 die each year from diseases contracted on the work site. The

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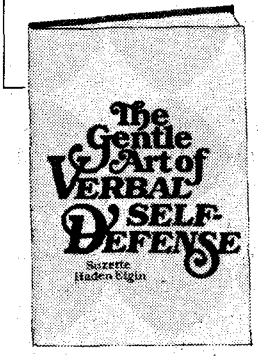
About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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most dangerous jobs include truck driving, meatpacking, farming and construction.

Who is the New Worker? Usually it is a woman, as are 63 percent of those who have gained work in the 1980s. But despite having access to a wider variety of jobs and in some cases increased power, women workers remain largely in traditionally female occupations. Sweeney and Nussbaum say that 59 percent of working women fall into two categories—clerical and service occupations—and that 98 percent of secretaries, typists, receptionists and stenographers are women. Only 24.4 percent of women workers are in managerial or professional positions.

Largely unmentioned is the fact that during this decade the traditionally predominant U.S. worker, the older white male, has become a minority employee. In 1979 white men accounted for 51.3 percent of the U.S. work force; in 1988 they accounted for 47.9 percent. A recent study by the Hudson Institute finds that by the year 2000 white native-born men will make up only 15 percent of new entrants to the labor force. Latinos, particularly women, constitute one of the fastest growing segments of the work force. Economist Peter Cattan, writing in the Bureau of Labor Statistics' *Monthly Labor Review*, says that Latinos make up just under 7 percent of total employment but took almost 20 percent of the nation's new jobs between 1980 and 1987. Overall, Cattan says, Latino workers employed full-time earned an average of $284 a week in 1987, about three-fourths the average full-time pay in the United States.

The increase in the number of low-paid workers reflects one of the most important and ignored determinants of job creation: geography. The flight of U.S. jobs to the Third World is a well-known phenomenon, wherein manufacturers and service companies ship parts abroad to be assembled and then returned, or they manufacture the entire product offshore and import it for sale. In addition, a Third World economy is arising in the United States, replete with low-wage small plants in industries like apparel and in manufacturing and assembly, already evidenced in such cities as New York, Miami, El Paso, Philadelphia and Los Angeles, which have large numbers of Latinos and immigrants.

Thus, the New Work is largely a myth. The New Worker may not be climbing up on freight cars to crank down hand brakes or sweating double turns in a steel mill or putting up roof bolts in a coal mine. But most continue to do what the old workers have always done: a lot of scut work, often at relatively low pay, in many cases for the most demanding of bosses. □

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THE NEW WORKER

Women Hard Hats Speak Out

SUSAN EISENBERG

When I walked onto a construction site as an apprentice electrician in the fall of 1978, it was a new experience not only for me but for everyone on the jobsite. As I fumbled with unfamiliar tools and tasks, male co-workers gathered in small clusters at the foot of my ladder and gawked. It was the beginning of affirmative action for women in the construction unions, and those of us who first crossed the gates were less than welcome. One tradeswoman friend discovered a dead rat in her lunch bucket. A black female apprentice found her hard hat filled with piss. Others had to eat in a lunch shack where pornographic pictures multiplied daily across the walls. There were few subtleties in what at times felt more like trench warfare than a day's work. Women quickly realized that they would have to learn to handle a lot more than the trade itself. Not everyone stayed.

For some men, getting rid of the "invaders" was a personal mission. Ron, one of my first foremen, constantly warned me of ways I might get killed in this dangerous trade: be electrocuted, have my head severed from my body, be boiled alive by steam. Without giving any instruction on how to do it safely, he told me one day to open up a 200-foot-long snake that had just come from the supply house. A snake is a thin piece of steel, generally one-eighth inch wide, used by electricians to pull wires through pipes. It comes tightly coiled, bound with wire ties, and if not opened carefully, will spring apart with great force. "I had a Chinese kid open one up," Ron told the crew, laughing. "He got it caught up his nose and wound up in the hospital. Quit right after that." I haven't opened up a snake since without remembering how I sweated through it that first time, while my co-workers hid. When Ron laid me off shortly after that, my health intact, I was relieved, and worried about what lay ahead. To my surprise, my next foreman treated me like a serious apprentice and assigned me to a journeyman who was an excellent mechanic. This mechanic, as it turned out, had also worked for and hated Ron, which made us immediate pals. That was my introduction to the rollercoaster world of construction, with its flux of jobs and personnel, and shifting luck.

There was a sense of exhilaration and camaraderie among tradeswomen in those early days. Without immediate role models or often even another woman on the jobsite, we created informal support networks, which in some cities grew into organizations: Hard Hatted Women of Cleveland, Tradeswomen Inc. in San Francisco. Each story of another

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woman's success—a pipe bent to the right offset, a blueprint read accurately, a scaffolding set up and climbed, a crude insult returned with a pointed one-liner—became an inspiration. Knowing that women were "pioneering" all across the country, throwing a bridge between those women who had been denied "nontraditional" careers and those whose paths we hoped to make easier, encouraged us to press through difficulties. Naïvely, we believed that through the moral weight of our example as model students, conscientious workers and loyal union members—and with the support of government guidelines—the options for women would widen. Each victory and each failure became a matter of social responsibility.

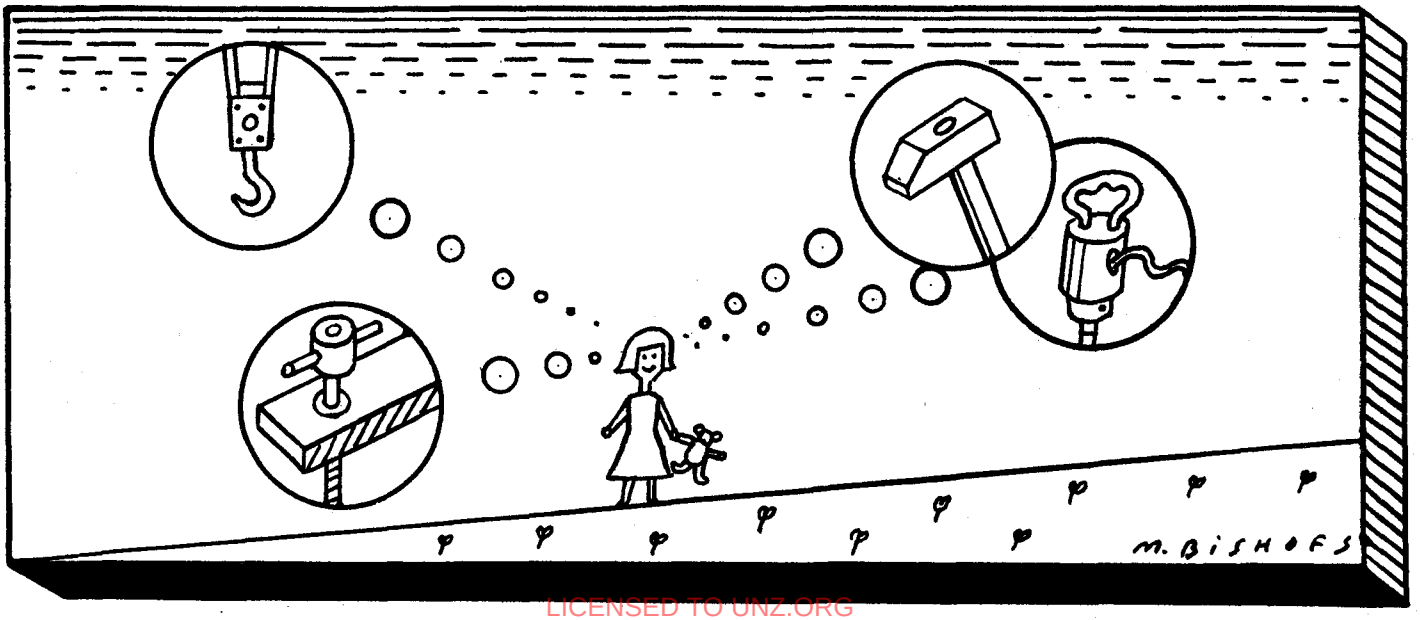
Although my reasons for entering the trade were personal, I was aware that, much earlier, following through on them would not have been an option. When I first ventured to sign up for the electricians' union apprenticeship program, I was informed that women were not wanted by either the union or the contractors. "We'll call you when we need you," I was told over the phone. In April 1978, the month in which regulations under Executive Order 11246 of the Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs were put into effect for tradeswomen, I was called in for an interview and accepted into the union.

In extending the regulations the Carter Administration acted in response to pressure from the women's movement and lawsuits filed by tradeswomen in the Washington area. It set national goals for construction jobs, and those goals were progressive: by April 1979, 3.1 percent of the jobs on construction projects receiving more than $10,000 in Federal funds were to be held by women; by April 1980, 5 percent; by April 1981, 6.9 percent. After that the interim goals were to be replaced by higher, permanent goals. Another regulation covered apprenticeship slots, the main avenue of entrance into the skilled trades, which were to be filled by women in numbers equal to half their representation in the local labor force—roughly 20 to 25 percent.

Even before the recent Supreme Court rulings brought attention to the issue, tradeswomen recognized that affirmative action was in trouble. Although there has certainly been much progress to celebrate, the lack of compliance monitoring and the cutbacks in money for training through the Reagan years have taken a heavy toll. Today one would be hard pressed to find a federally funded project in the country where even the 6.9 percent goal, expected to have been surpassed almost nine years ago, is being met. For the past five years the percentage of women in construction jobs has stagnated at 2 percent nationally. And rather than holding one-fourth of the apprenticeship slots, as mandated, women hold less than one-twenty-fifth, or 3.8 percent, so the immediate future does not look any better. For women of color the record is bleaker, in spite of the advantage to employers, who can "double count" them as women and as minorities. According to the Labor Department's own literature, "There were no black or Hispanic women employees reported . . . in most construction trades." Further, an increasing share of work is going to nonunion contractors, whose record in affirmative action falls far short of that of unionized ones. In Massachusetts, for example, 4.9 percent of union apprentices are women (above the national average, although still a fraction of the mandated figure), but only 2.2 percent of nonunion apprentices are women (well below the national average).

Such low percentages make the industry less attractive to women over time, perpetuating the problem. A good number of the women who began with me have left construction—even though they found the work itself enjoyable and have welcomed a softening of attitudes—because they could no longer imagine an end to their isolation on the job. This sense is also present in vocational high schools, where sex segregation of both students and faculty remains virtually unbroken. "I didn't want to be the only girl," a young vocational student explained to me in Quincy, Massachusetts, after leaving the electrical program for culinary arts.

It is true that through persistent organizing tradeswomen have maintained a toehold in a widening range of skilled trades, now working not only as carpenters and electricians but also as ironworkers, elevator installers, diesel mechanics



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and heavy-equipment operators; some even run jobs. Associations of tradeswomen and feminists have established training programs in at least nine states, published a national quarterly magazine (*Tradeswomen*) for eight years, put on two national conferences and formed a planning committee for a third. But serving as our own lobbyists, recruiters, monitors and advocates, we find ourselves overextended and in serious need of allies—particularly since judicial support, relied on so heavily in the past, is being mutilated by the Reagan-appointed Court.

At the Second National Tradeswomen Conference, held Memorial Day weekend in Chicago, 600 tradeswomen and supporters discussed strategy, laughed over war stories, celebrated our successes and worried about the future. It was discouraging that so many of the problems raised were old ones. Racism. Homophobia. The relation of sex discrimination to stress-related injuries in an industry where the work requires concentration. "I don't know of any woman who's been in the trades more than a few years who doesn't have some kind of physical problem: weight gain or loss, exhaustion, headaches. A lot of the women are in a state of denial because if you confront the depth of the problem you have to consider losing a well-paying job," said a veteran New York City construction worker who quit after a bout of asthma and a back injury, both of which she attributed to stress.

Apprentices from all trades complained about having to fight for equal access to the full range of hands-on training: the most basic bread-and-butter issue for tradeswomen. This issue demands particular attention because many of the jobs that have affirmative action quotas—larger projects like tunnels, roads, high-rises—involve a great deal of repetitious work. In some locals, this access has been improved. "They had her working in the vault, just like it was normal," a journeywoman electrician recounted about an apprentice on her job who had been assigned to the high-voltage power crew. "I was furious. In ten years I never got to tie in switchgear."

New issues have gained prominence as the movement has become older: aging in the trades, divisions between veteran and younger tradeswomen, health. One of the upcoming issues of *Tradeswomen* will explore how mastectomies affect women who perform physically demanding work. At the conference the Mothers Caucus discovered what seemed to be high rates of miscarriage among themselves and birth defects among their children, but they had no way of determining whether they were a statistically representative group of tradeswomen. Some thought it best not to be public about this, since as tradeswomen we want to encourage, not discourage, others to join our ranks. This bunker mentality, while understandable, concedes too much. It is reprehensible that pregnant construction workers today have no more information about hazards faced on the job than I did six years ago, when my obstetrician could not answer my concerns about the daily use of vibrating construction tools. Such data is still not being accumulated by the government or the unions, and its collection is beyond the scope of what tradeswomen can do themselves.

The extent to which each tradeswoman is still "out there on her own" should no longer be acceptable. Our lack of formal organization, especially beyond the local level, handicaps us at this juncture, when alliances are crucial and even our language needs re-evaluation. There is a certain macho prestige, particularly in a culture that prizes individualism, in being a "nontraditional" worker. You are a survivor in rough terrain, an adventurer, a pioneer. What you are not is successful at challenging the gender segregation of work.

Tradeswomen must fight to be taken seriously not only on the job but within the progressive movement too, where a commitment to issues of class and feminism are too rarely combined. In Massachusetts last year progressive labor activists working in coalition with construction unions during a referendum campaign for the prevailing wage failed to include tradeswomen in their strategy sessions—even though the women had been organizing for ten years and the issues involved holding the unions accountable for their affirmative action records.

In the fragmented women's movement affirmative action in blue-collar work seems to have dropped from the agenda. Affirmative action, adopted from the civil rights movement, together with the campaign for comparable worth, was expected to change the economic landscape for women: the one challenging the concept of "men's work," the other increasing the value of "women's work." Now, with the "feminization of poverty" as a third economic front, it is crucial once again to assert women's right to jobs that are skilled and well paid, with solid health and pension benefits, and to forge the obvious links between these economic issues.

Tradeswomen have been most successful where they are organized and have been able to combine efforts with community groups or local government agencies. Through rigorous monitoring, legal action and networking, Seattle Women in Trades, a grass-roots group started in the mid-1970s, has been able to win standards and compliance unmatched in the country. Its annual Women in Trades Fair attracts thousands of people, from factory workers to high-school students. Supported in part by the city, the fair represents Seattle's commitment to its affirmative action policies in construction and maintenance: 9 percent women, 18 percent minorities. Women serve on the apprenticeship committees of the sheet metal and electrical unions in Seattle and have gained the active cooperation of other trades. "When there's a problem with sexual harassment," says Hilary Emmer, a union carpenter since 1979, "my business agent is out there dealing with it the next day."

For the construction unions the rout of affirmative action by the Supreme Court presents a particular challenge. The issue can no longer be straddled. In the absence of forceful standards from union internationals declaring that racism and sexism do not belong on the jobsite, women's treatment and acceptance varies enormously, even between neighboring locals of the same trade. Too often business agents have intervened in cases of harassment and discrimination only because there has been a legal requirement to do so, with possible financial penalties. The message to male workers, then, is, Just don't get caught. Women are left to ignore

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Boycott Pepsi!

The Exxon of The Soft Drinks Industry

by Richard Yao, Esq.

On March 24, the Exxon oil tanker *Valdez,* manned by an alcoholic captain, spilled over 10 million gallons of oil into the waters of Prince William Sound, Alaska, wreaking incalculable damage to the surrounding marine life and ecosystem.

But a week or so earlier, Pepsi was guilty of something just as reprehensible. Surrendering to blatant Fundamentalist censorship pressure, Pepsi pulled Madonna's TV ad. Just as Exxon did not think much about destroying our ecosystem, Pepsi did not think twice about selling our First Amendment birthright. This needs to be condemned just as strongly as Exxon's giant oil spill.

Surprise. Wayne Calloway, Pepsi's chairman, is also on Exxon's Board. And Exxon's previous Chairman and CEO is on Pepsi's all-powerful Executive Committee. Mr. Exxon himself is one of the people who really run Pepsi.

"Saturday Night Live." "Married...with Children." The TV movie "Roe v. Wade." TV advertisers have pulled out of these and other programs because of threats from militant Fundamentalists who want to control what you watch in the privacy of your own home. In this context, Pepsi's surrender is as chilling as that of the giant bookstore chains succumbing to the threats of the Ayatollah Khomeini in the Salman Rushdie controversy.

This is why we have called for a grassroots boycott of Pepsi. We need to send corporations like Pepsi a clear message: profits and expediency must not have priority over our First Amendment birthright. So while you're tearing up your Exxon credit card, remember to boycott Pepsi! You can help us by *immediately* sending out the coupons below.

To: Pepsico, Inc./Chairman Wayne Calloway
Purchase, N.Y. 10577 [and call: (914) 253-2000]

☐ I'm boycotting Pepsi to protest your surrender to Fundamentalist extremists on the Madonna ad.

Signature _____

To: Richard Yao, FA Anti-Censorship Project
P.O. Box 20324, Greeley Sq. Station
New York, N.Y. 10001-9994

☐ I agree with you. We need to send Pepsi—and the Fundamentalist censors—a message!

☐ To help pay for this ad, here's my tax-deductible gift of:

_____ $50 _____ $100 _____ $250 _____ $500 _____ (other).

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Richard Yao *is the Director of the FA Anti-Censorship Project which has fought censorship attempts against Scorsese's "Last Temptation of Christ" and Rushdie's "Satanic Verses." Yao has been described by Martin Scorsese as being "in the forefront of the fight against censorship." His call for a boycott against Pepsi has been featured by the Wall Street Journal, L.A. Times, Liz Smith, MTV and scores of radio stations around the country.*

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mistreatment, handle it themselves or "call the hall," which likely means being labeled a troublemaker and making the next layoff list—a tough choice when times are slow. The continuing tolerance of members who refuse to work with or train women or minorities undermines the respect and dignity that should be synonymous with unionism, and it jeopardizes the alliances organized labor will need to make to insure its future.

At a time when the construction unions themselves are on the defensive, the open diversity of the tradeswomen movement offers a leadership opportunity to those bold and foresighted enough to seize it. We are multiracial and multiethnic; we are gay and straight, from single- and two-parent families; we enter at a wide range of ages, include all trades and combine union and nonunion workers in a pro-union framework, with strong concerns for a safe work environment. We represent the larger working class with which the unions must stand as partners if they are to survive. As tradeswomen struggle through issues of difference, we have much to share with our brothers about inclusive organizing.

Unions have much more to offer tradeswomen than good training, higher pay and health and pension benefits. As international labor organizations, they hold the best potential for surveying and analyzing the entrance of women into construction careers, determining how the industry should adapt to meet the needs of its female work force. Questions raised at the Chicago conference by the Mothers Caucus, for example, could be studied by the internationals.

As an intriguing twist, projections for the year 2000 anticipate a U.S. work force that is increasingly female, minority and immigrant. Economists predict that the construction industry will, by necessity, no longer be a white male enclave. Up for grabs, then, is whether the unions will embrace this change and take active responsibility for the recruitment, training and retention of women and minorities, or be dragged kicking into a divided future in which they will play a diminished role while the work itself becomes deskilled, less safe and lower paid. □

PRAGUE SUMMER OF '89

A Journey to 'Absurdistan'

JANET FLEISCHMAN

In the weeks preceding the anniversary of the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia on August 21, 1968, Czechoslovak authorities launched a crackdown on independent activists, subjecting many to interrogations, detentions and house searches, cutting off their telephones and warning them not to participate in any commemorations on August 21. Tensions mounted to such an extent that Vaclav Havel, the internationally respected playwright and human rights activist, issued a statement urging people to beware of police provocations and not to demonstrate. By the day of the anniversary most activists were either in detention, under house arrest, in hiding or outside of major cities. Nevertheless, approximately 2,000 people took part in a demonstration until hundreds of riot police charged the crowd, arresting 325 Czechoslovaks and about fifty foreigners—Hungarians, Poles and Italians—and beating many of them. Reports indicate that all those detained at the demonstration have been released, though charges of disturbing public order are pending against many of them.

In late August more political prosecutions against leading activists were announced. These recent headlines of repression contrast markedly with the momentum for change that is evident in Czechoslovakia.

The scene was hardly counterrevolutionary—Joan Baez dedicating a song to a small group of human rights and peace activists at a June concert in Bratislava and inviting a local antiestablishment singer to perform. But in Czechoslovakia, such a gesture oversteps the bounds of the tolerable, and Baez soon found her microphone shut off. Watching the scene unfold, with scores of secret police nervously milling about lest the audience get too enthusiastic, I realized why a Czech friend of mine suggests that the country be renamed "Absurdistan."

One group of young people decided that the best way to counteract their bleak situation and draw attention to the serious problems in their society was to form the Society for a Merrier Present. Every day at 5 P.M., they organize a "run" in support of political prisoners on the street where Gestapo headquarters was situated during the war. Their slogan is, "Today we run for you, tomorrow you will run for us." They also wrote a letter to the Hungarian government volunteering to send a brigade to help cut down the Iron Curtain under the slogan, "Today we cut for you, tomorrow you will cut for us." Not surprisingly, the Hungarian government turned down the offer, though it did send a reply.

"Inner freedom is related to jolliness," one of the young organizers told me. "Because I am free I can be merry, and because I am merry I can be free. We want to show that although things are depressing and tragic, there are ways to overcome it."

If you're a dissident, or if you happen to be in the company of such "antisocialist elements," the secret police are never far away. Take for instance a Saturday afternoon soccer match. In much the same way as offices in, say, Washington play one another in baseball, several independent (read: illegal) organizations tried to hold a soccer match in Prague. The only access to the games was a charming little bridge to an island in the Vltava River. The seemingly harmless event was being watched not only by several plainclothes secret police but by uniformed policemen who were posted on the bridge, checking the identity card of every person who tried to cross over. At first I thought it was a joke, but the trolls on that bridge were perfectly serious. The games

Janet Fleischman is research associate of Helsinki Watch, a New York City–based human rights organization.

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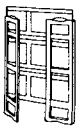
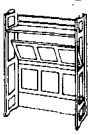
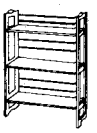


1. Comes in flat carton



2. Shelves fall into place



3. Slides open on hinges

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took place anyway, and although there were conflicting reports as to who won, I was told that the Independent Peace Association, whose two leaders had just been released from prison after more than six months, lost badly because "they don't like to shoot."

The reforms in neighboring countries, especially Poland, Hungary and the Soviet Union, make the hard-line government in Czechoslovakia seem even more absurd. One joke currently making the rounds goes: "Why is there so much smoke in Prague? It's the dispersal of Bolshevism in Hungary and Poland." When discussing Solidarity's landslide election victory in Poland, one activist laughed and said: "I love to think about [leading Solidarity activist] Jacek Kuron trying to come to Czechoslovakia as a Polish Senator." How would the Czechoslovak authorities handle that one?

Despite the government's efforts to the contrary, Czechoslovakia's people are not as isolated from the rest of the world as they used to be. Activists are creating new avenues for communication with neighboring countries, such as the East European Information Agency, which exchanges news and information among dissident groups in Prague, Warsaw, Budapest and Moscow. Western radio broadcasts are no longer jammed, which provides everyone with easy access to information other than the government's propaganda. When the brutal crackdown on the pro-democracy movement began in Beijing, young people in Prague and later in Brno organized small demonstrations in support of the Chinese students. One of the Czechs was wearing a white headband with "democracy" written in Chinese characters, copied from a photograph of a demonstrator in Tiananmen Square that he had seen in an issue of *Time* he had somehow obtained.

There is so much independent activity in Prague these days that virtually no one can keep up with it all. You can write for an independent magazine, learn in an independent university or participate in any one of a number of independent organizations. In short, civil society—that space where citizen activities exist outside state control—is steadily expanding, just as it did in Poland in the early 1980s. And when civil society becomes strong and healthy, maintaining control becomes far more difficult for the authorities.

The risks of being associated with the unofficial world are sadly apparent. Petr Cibulka, an activist from Brno who distributed cassettes of unofficial concerts as well as underground literature, has been in prison since last October and faces up to ten years' imprisonment. Only his lawyer has been allowed to see him in these ten months; most of his mail is confiscated, including some 180 letters from abroad. He was apparently told by the prison authorities that he cannot receive mail because it would boost his morale. "Petr will be deprived of his freedom, his honesty, his good name and his property," his mother explained. "But he will live only in accordance with his conscience."

Not much has changed at the top; the rulers of Absurdistan see no purpose in beginning a dialogue with society, and have no intention of leaving power. Yet, thinking back on the Baez concert, there was an unmistakable sense of possibility in the air. For at least this time, no one was arrested. One of the activists smiled and said to me, "It's so nice—even for a moment—to be on the winning side." □

South Africa

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

pushed them back into the street.

At the cemetery, the police succeeded in ripping the flags off the coffins as they were carried toward their graves. Angry youths, some wielding bricks, surged toward the officers. Archbishop Desmond Tutu and the young funeral marshals struggled to restore the tenuous peace, standing between the police and the "comrades," urging them back, telling them they were not "running away" but "marching to freedom." Within minutes, new flags covered the coffins. The police did not take them this time; instead they withdrew, apparently on orders from their commander in a helicopter hovering overhead.

The funeral was a watershed in South Africa. It not only marked the re-emergence of open antigovernment activity after nearly four years of enforced silence but also (though unintentionally) heralded a well-planned campaign to defy apartheid laws, a campaign that has left the government in a quandary. The Defiance Campaign—it takes its name from the one led by Mandela in 1952—is spearheaded by the Mass Democratic Movement (M.D.M.), a deliberately amorphous label coined to get around the political restrictions placed on antiapartheid groups. Its two main components are the United Democratic Front (U.D.F.), an antiapartheid coalition group, and the nearly 1 million–strong black labor federation, the Congress of South African Trade Unions (Cosatu). The M.D.M. supports a nonracial democracy in a unitary state and a social democratic economic program.

For the Defiance Campaign the M.D.M. chose two issues that it hoped would fire the imagination of the people: race segregation in hospitals, schools and on beaches; and the gagging of former detainees by decree. "We've been through a long period when we have had to fight underground," student activist Febe Potgieter told me. "Now we need to fight for the right to legal space."

Legal space to oppose the government in South Africa has been severely cramped by the imposition of four successive states of emergency. Altogether, more than 30,000 men, women and children have been jailed without trial since 1985, when a state of emergency was first declared, some for as long as three years; in February 1988 the U.D.F. and several of its affiliates were banned and Cosatu was prohibited from operating politically. "There was a lot of despondency about the state of our struggle," said Potgieter.

Last February there came a turning point, however, "an inspiration," as Potgieter puts it: Scores of the 900 people still detained under the emergency began fasting. The gov-

Pippa Green is a Cape Town–based freelance journalist.

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ernment could not afford to have political detainees starve themselves to death in its jails, particularly at a time when the U.S. Congress was considering tougher sanctions against Pretoria. For the first time in years, political considerations outweighed the demands of the "securocrats," the military and police elements whom former President P.W. Botha built into such a powerful force. The apartheid regime released the detainees but told them to "jail themselves." About 700 people are now restricted to their homes after dark, compelled to report to the police twice a day and forbidden to leave their immediate districts. They cannot attend political meetings or gatherings of more than ten people and are barred from speaking to journalists. "If one of my children gets sick at night, I can't even take them to hospital," complained Hilda Ndude, a restrictee and U.D.F. official who lives alone with her five children in the black township of Guguletu, outside Cape Town.

Now, as part of the Defiance Campaign, several restrictees in the larger cities have decided they will no longer be their own jailers. "This restriction order is the fourth I've had since I tried to put myself in the sun in this country," the elderly Christmas Tinto, an executive member of the U.D.F., told a packed church service on August 6 in which twenty-one restrictees openly defied their orders. "But today I've given myself freedom."

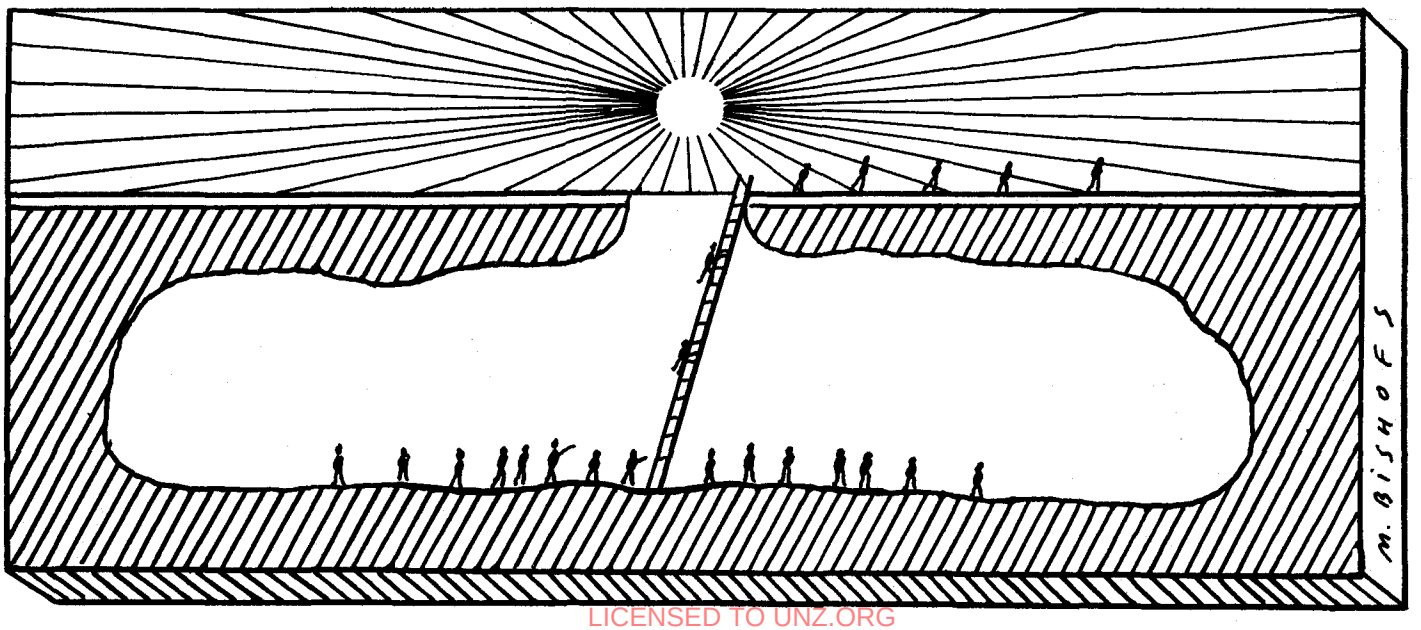
Not accidentally, the campaign comes at a time when the apartheid government is in disarray. The petulant resignation of P.W. Botha on August 14 was the latest in a spate of six resignations from a government torn between trying to clean up its international image on the one hand and placating its own conservative constituency on the other. Among the problems faced by Botha's successor, F.W. de Klerk, is the regime's Achilles' heel, an ailing and beleaguered economy starved of foreign capital. Last year there was a net capital outflow of about 6.7 billion rand (about $2.5 billion); the foreign exchange crisis has since been compounded by the falling rand. The A.N.C. and internal anti-apartheid leaders are pressuring foreign banks not to extend short-term loans, which are due to be renegotiated next year. "It's getting through to the government that sanctions are working. The pressure is working," said Mike Daly, chief economist for Southern Life, one of the country's largest financial houses.

The government fears further sanctions—particularly financial ones that could be crippling—from the United States, which has not withdrawn earlier threats, and from the Commonwealth Conference to be held in Kuala Lumpur in October, where Pretoria's only ally, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, cannot indefinitely hold up her end without some visible reforms by the apartheid regime. These would include "negotiations"—still vaguely defined by the West—and the release of Nelson Mandela.

But at home the ruling National Party is held back by the right. Although it will retain power in the elections scheduled for September 6, it will probably do so with a substantially reduced support base, losing seats to both the right-wing Conservative Party and the liberal Democratic Party. But the Democratic Party's electoral support cannot translate into as many parliamentary seats as the C.P.'s can. In defining constituencies, the government has always weighted rural seats more heavily than urban—and now that tactic will backfire to the advantage of the C.P. But as significant as electoral opposition on the right is the strength of reactionary forces in the government's own backyard, particularly in the army and police forces.

Uniformed policemen were not in sight on August 6 after the restrictees "freed themselves" in front of about 3,500 people who sang the praises of the African National Congress and chanted slogans. Perhaps the government felt it could not trust the riot police to behave before the TV cameras of the world. (Instead, the relatively more sophisticated plainclothes security police visited the restrictees that night, warning them they might be charged.)

Perhaps that is why, too, when Archbishop Tutu led a sedate but illegal protest march through Cape Town on August 17, the police were not only restrained but even courteous. Unarmed policewomen blocked his path, plead-



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ed with him to go back to his car and eventually led him and the rest of the marchers to the nearby cathedral where the march had started.

Away from the public eye, though, the police are less gentle. Barely a week after the restrictees defied their orders, several of them were arrested, Hilda Ndude among them. (Tutu's march was held to protest those arrests.) "They came twice—on Monday and on Wednesday," Ndude said. "The first night, the yard was full of riot police. Imagine! They had come for a woman and five kids." Both nights she insisted on taking her children, ages 4 to 13, with her to jail. There was no one else to look after them, she said. Her husband is in prison, awaiting trial for A.N.C. activities. "We had to sleep in such a dirty police cell, with a pit for a toilet. There was no food for the kids. My friends had to bring them blankets."

In Mitchell's Plain, a huge, neat black township established twenty-five miles from Cape Town to house "colored" people evicted from their suburban homes under residential segregation laws, the battles with police have been fierce. The Mitchell's Plain schoolchildren were the first to break the tense quiet enforced by the emergency. In the past few weeks they have held protests outside the schools to challenge this month's elections for the tricameral Parliament, which has racially segregated chambers for "coloreds" and Indians.

The children have rallied and marched in a campaign to defy emergency laws, but the police have not given them an inch. At least seventeen youths have been detained under the state of emergency, and more than forty have been charged with public violence. Ricardo Adonis, age 14, is one of them. He says he came out of a store and found himself in a crush of schoolchildren fleeing from the police. "They said we must all run from the Boers, so I ran and jumped over a wall. Two [policemen] caught me. One fisted me. Then they threw me back over the wall onto the cement, and then into the van on my head. When I told them I didn't riot, they said, 'Don't talk shit.'" More recently, the police became even rougher, firing at demonstrating children with birdshot, injuring two with the spray of tiny pellets.

While the police in the townships might operate outside the daily control of the politicians, there can be little doubt that it was the "reform" government of President de Klerk that decided to send in troops to keep the beaches white: On August 19, when the M.D.M. decided to hold a mass picnic on two whites-only beaches in conservative National Party areas, the security forces cordoned off one beach with barbed wire and used dogs and helicopters to chase black families away; at the other, policemen used whips to drive people off the sand. "They say that apartheid is dead, but really it's one of the most extraordinary corpses I've ever seen," commented Tutu the next day. "They had dogs, they had tear gas, they had quirts. To do what? To stop black people walking on God's beaches."

The strategists behind the Defiance Campaign are well aware of the government's dilemma. When United Democratic Front leaders visited President George Bush and Prime Minister Thatcher earlier this year, they told them the test of reform was whether there could be a climate for free political activity. As part of this test, the U.D.F. "unbanned" itself at rallies around the country on August 20, its sixth birthday, and announced a broad anti-apartheid Conference for a Democratic Future. "We have to begin talking about our attitude to negotiations, and to challenge any ideas that might undermine our struggle. We say we will discuss negotiations, but meanwhile our Defiance Campaign continues," said the U.D.F.'s national publicity secretary, Murphy Morobe, at one rally.

"Negotiations," the current international buzzword, might seem feasible at 10 Downing Street or the White House, but on home ground they look more remote. During the emergency the government has tried not only to stifle black leaders but to use the counterinsurgency strategy employed by the United States in Vietnam to win hearts and minds. WHAM, as it is called here, has been implemented by a complex regional network of mini-Joint Management Committees, which are responsible to the State Security Council and are effectively controlled by the military and police.

The most recalcitrant black townships have been targeted for WHAM. One of these is Lingelihle, three miles outside the Eastern Cape rural town of Cradock and some 400 miles from Johannesburg. Lingelihle has a population of about 25,000 and a "great history" of resistance, say community leaders. Under the direction of schoolteacher and U.D.F. leader Mathew Goniwe, it was the first township to establish street committees during the 1984-85 uprising. The internal violence in other townships—the burnings and killings—were absent there. The street committees persuaded the government-created Community Council to resign without throwing a single stone.

But in June 1985, Goniwe and three of his comrades were murdered. Their battered, mutilated bodies were found in bushes off a highway 200 miles from home. The state of emergency was declared, countless youths were detained and security forces occupied the township. Today the white soldiers are gone (black municipal police occasionally patrol the township); the last detainees were released in late April after the hunger strike.

More significant, the white authorities are actively lobbying for support in Lingelihle. Tobie Meyer, the local N.P. Member of Parliament, approached Goniwe's brother and nephew, but says he was surprised by their lack of "cooperation." They refused to serve on the government-created black Town Council, says Meyer, and Goniwe's brother, Alex, turned down a government-sponsored trip to the eastern seaboard town of Durban "to investigate vegetable gardening."

It is true that Cradock's community leaders refuse to play by the government's rules. They point out that their residents' association is still banned under the emergency, meetings are prohibited and Mathew Goniwe's nephew Mbulelo and six others are still heavily restricted after being jailed without trial for three years. "It is clear that the government will never give us what we want. Our problems

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will only be solved when there is a democratic government here—of the people, for the people," said a former detainee. "Right now, they want puppets. They do not want people who will be accountable."

What will break this deadlock? The release of Nelson Mandela, perhaps, which de Klerk apparently used as a bargaining chip in his recent talks with Thatcher. But if de Klerk releases Mandela with the state of emergency still in force, or restricts him as the government restricted his A.N.C. comrade Govan Mbeki, the move is likely to backfire. Mandela will most likely break the restrictions and begin mobilizing the people. To then re-detain him would surely cost the government more than his initial release gained.

On the other hand, to release Mandela without restrictions would be tantamount to unbanning the A.N.C. "It is either done or it is not done," says the U.D.F.'s Morobe, who was once jailed on Robben Island with Mandela. "From his own account Nelson Mandela remains a member of the A.N.C. It goes without saying that all his activity will be related to everything else the A.N.C. is doing."

The government's vacillation, brought into sharp focus by the Defiance Campaign, confirms it has no blueprint for ending apartheid. After maintaining an almost discreet distance at the start of the campaign, the police have now decided to crack down hard on most attempts to "win space." Politically, de Klerk is still wedded to the concept of "group rights," which black opposition leaders believe is a euphemism for white privilege. "My guess is de Klerk will try to play for time as long as he can, trying to engage in as many meaningless consultations as possible," says Robert Schrire, professor of political studies at the University of Cape Town.

The Defiance Campaign is aimed to pressure both the government and the West not to count on negotiations without the M.D.M's participation. The government has failed to win credible black allies, it says. Even the relatively conservative Zulu leader Gatsha Buthelezi will not talk to Pretoria while Mandela remains a prisoner. The M.D.M., like the A.N.C., has preconditions for negotiations, including an end to the state of emergency and the freeing of political prisoners, and wants its constituent organizations seated on the other side of the negotiating table. M.D.M. strategists also want to use the campaign to rebuild their base in the townships. Except for Cosatu, which has deep roots in the factories, township bodies have been crippled by four years of martial rule. Several black areas are disorganized and riven by criminal and vigilante violence.

The Defiance Campaign is the most important test of both the M.D.M. and de Klerk's government since the state of emergency was first declared in 1985. For the M.D.M., the challenge is to translate its brave and defiant flag-waving into solid, tight organization. It has wagered the campaign, perhaps rashly, on the expectation that Western governments will continue to nudge Pretoria away from repression. For de Klerk the test is whether he has the courage to turn his back on his right wing. What happens in the next few weeks will be crucial in determining how long and how bloody the road still is to the negotiating table. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Unions on the Left–I

MAURICE ISSERMAN

WORKERS ON THE WATERFRONT: Seamen, Longshoremen, and Unionism in the 1930s. *By Bruce Nelson. University of Illinois Press. 352 pp. $29.95.*

IN TRANSIT: The Transport Workers Union in New York City, 1933–1966. *By Joshua B. Freeman. Oxford University Press. 434 pp. $34.50.*

In Marc Blitzstein's 1937 agitprop opera *The Cradle Will Rock*, the organizer/protagonist warns the bloated plutocrat Mr. Mister of the offstage approach of militant labor:

> That's thunder, that's lightning, and it's gonna surround you/No wonder those stormbirds seem to circle around you/Well, you can't climb down and you can't sit still/That's a storm that's gonna last until/the final wind blows, and when the wind blows/ the . . . cra . . dle . . . will . . . ROCK!

In the 1930s what united the left (in its broadest sense, from revolutionary socialists of all stripes to *Nation* readers in the Roosevelt Administration) was a vision of industrial unionism as a movement. Labor's interests and those of the vast majority of Americans were believed to be one and the same; labor's rise to power would be the fulfillment of its predestined role as the agent of a great and necessary historical change. Not so in the 1980s, when unions are on the defensive and losing members. Derided as a "special interest"—even by some of those who have aspired to the leadership of F.D.R.'s party—the labor movement has rocked few cradles.

Some historians argue that even in the 1930s Mr. Mister didn't have much to fear from the thunder and lightning of working-class discontent. Either workers in the Depression era cherished stability and security above other goals, or they readily acquiesced in the decision of union leaders to accept a junior partnership in the emerging corporate/government bureaucratic nexus. Melvyn Dubofsky, in an influential essay, called the decade the "not so turbulent years." Bruce Nelson, in contrast, describes the 1930s as "a long overdue festive upheaval, a search for more humane and just patterns of work relations, and the flowering of an insurgent consciousness," while for Joshua B. Freeman the era represents "the most profound metamorphosis in the lives of working people since the Civil War and Reconstruction." Nelson's *Workers on the Waterfront* and Freeman's *In Transit* succeed in putting some of the turbulence back into the 1930s labor movement.

The title of Nelson's book is a little misleading. His account of labor's "Pentecostal era" really hinges on the emergence of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (I.L.W.U.) on the West Coast, though he places its organization within a broader context of maritime unrest in the 1930s that saw East Coast sailors joining the Communist-led National Maritime Union (N.M.U.) and West Coast sailors joining the non-Communist but militant Sailors' Union of the Pacific (S.U.P.). He also shows that the world of sailors, longshoremen and loggers overlapped on the West Coast, and that workers in all three groups shared in a kind of syndicalist "mood," emphasizing direct action and worker control, while de-emphasizing traditional craft barriers. "One Big Union" was to be the ticket to better wages and working conditions and, for some, to a better world.

At the start of the Depression, Communists organized the Marine Workers Industrial Union (M.W.I.U.), intended to attract both sailors and longshoremen. On the East Coast, M.W.I.U. cadre eventually became the nucleus of the more successful N.M.U. Few sailors joined the M.W.I.U. on the West Coast. But in San Francisco, under the prodding of C.P. district organizer Sam Darcy, the M.W.I.U. allied itself with a miscellaneous group of former Wobblies and other militants among local longshoremen, who included an Australian immigrant named Harry Bridges.

This informal Albion Hall group (named for its meeting place) "adopted much of the program of the MWIU while avoiding its sectarian trappings." They took over the San Francisco local of the all-but-moribund A.F.L. union on the docks, the International Longshoremen's Association (I.L.A.), and transformed it into the driving force behind the eighty-three-day Big Strike that paralyzed Pacific docks and shipping from May through July 1934. The strike drew sailors, and eventually the entire organized labor movement in San Francisco, into a general strike. Despite police attacks that killed six of the strikers and their sympathizers (including two on July 5 in San Francisco, Bloody Thursday ever since on the docks), the longshoremen held out and triumphed. Nelson quotes the left-wing journalist Mike Quin's report that "an almost carnival spirit" prevailed in San Francisco's working-class neighborhoods during the general strike: "Common social barriers were swept away in the spirit of the occasion. Strangers addressed each other warmly as old friends."

In the aftermath of the Big Strike, through a combination of arbitration and job actions, the longshoremen won union recognition, wage gains, a dock steward system and a union-controlled hiring hall to replace the hated "shape-up" on the docks. The sailors also made gains, and together the I.L.W.U., the S.U.P. and some smaller maritime unions founded the Maritime Federation of the Pacific Coast (M.F.P.C.). Not quite the one big union the Wobblies had dreamed of, the M.F.P.C. still seemed to hold the potential for uniting maritime workers into a powerful force for social and political change. To see M.F.P.C. members marching in their massed thousands on Labor Day or stopping work in annual observance of the anniversary of Bloody Thursday was a sight calculated to chill the blood of the Mr. Misters of the Pacific maritime industry.

I suspect Nelson had fun writing this book. Lucky is the historian who gets to include characters like "Pirate" Larsen in his narrative: Larsen, a former Wobbly with a patch over one eye, jumped on stage during a crucial mass meeting in the midst of the Big Strike, "pointed an accusing finger at the ILA president [Joe Ryan], and shouted, 'This guy's a fink and he's trying to make finks out of us. Let's throw him out!'" There's a bracing tinge of salt air in *Workers on the Waterfront*, with its inherently dra-

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Maurice Isserman teaches history at Williams College. Tradition's Chains: Dorothy Healey and California Communism, *which he co-authored with Dorothy Healey, will be published next year by Oxford University Press.*

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matic tales of dockside battles with police and scabs.

In Transit, Freeman's study of the organization of the Transport Workers Union in New York City, creates an equally authentic, though perhaps less exhilarating, atmosphere in its necessarily detailed account of the intricacies of transit system, city, state and Communist Party politics. No Big Strike, but a lot of hard and gritty organizational work went into the creation of the T.W.U.

The Communist Party's involvement in the T.W.U.'s origins is well known to labor historians, but Freeman has done pioneering work in revealing the role of the Clan na Gael. The Clan was an Irish nationalist secret society whose ranks included a number of immigrants who had made the transition from I.R.A. to I.R.T., and who were eager to use the organizational skills they had learned in the former to do something about the working conditions they faced in the latter. Clan activists, including an I.R.T. ticket agent named Mike Quill, approached the C.P. in 1933 for help in organizing. The Communists, not exactly overendowed with Irish-American cadre in New York City, were more than happy to cooperate.

Once the groundwork was laid and I.R.A. veterans signed up, followed by other Irish-born workers, followed by other ethnic groups, the T.W.U.'s growth was nothing short of phenomenal. The union still had fewer than 1,000 members in late 1935, but within two years it had gained 30,000 more and signed contracts on all New York City subway lines. The breakthrough came in a representation election in the spring of 1937, when the T.W.U. won 92 percent of the vote from I.R.T. workers. C.I.O. president John L. Lewis, speaking at the T.W.U. convention that fall, declared, "There may have been somewhere, sometime a better record of accomplishment than the record made by the Transport Workers Union during the last six months, but I do not know of any."

After the union's victory one worker commented, "To us the Transport Workers Union came to free us from slavery." The days when the "beakies"—company spies—could have a man fired for union membership or even a casual complaint were over. T.W.U. members proudly wore their union buttons to work. Their new contracts brought them increased pay, better working conditions, their first paid vacations and sick leave. Freeman argues that "in workers' eyes such specific measures were more than simply discrete contractual betterments, but rather in sum represented a transformation in their fundamental social status."

Reading these two books together undermines most generalizations one might think to make on the subject of Communism and American labor. Both the I.L.W.U. and the T.W.U. were founded by small groups of Communists and non-Communists working together; both saw the rise to power of a charismatic leader who was close to the C.P. (Quill probably a member, Bridges probably not) and was surrounded by Communist lieutenants. But there the similarities end.

The I.L.W.U., built through mass participation, had a politically sophisticated and active membership. The union's internal life was characterized by free-wheeling debates and local autonomy. Bridges was frequently voted down in these debates, but the rank and file stuck by him loyally through all the government's attempts to deport him as a subversive alien. The T.W.U., with no Big Strike in its past, had a grateful but largely passive membership. Conservative Catholics, for the most part, they seemed to practice a kind of willing suspension of disbelief about their leaders' politics. Quill and a small coterie of Communist associates made the important decisions behind the scenes, packed meetings and fiddled with voting procedures when it served their purposes. In the I.L.W.U. the Communist Party's top-down, secretive impulses bumped up against the brash, open "One Big Union" spirit of the docks and emerged at least somewhat chastened and improved by the experience; in the T.W.U. two conspiratorial traditions, Bolshevik and Irish nationalist, met and reinforced each other's least attractive qualities. In a sense, each union wound up with the C.P. it deserved.

"Why," Freeman asks in the preface to *In Transit*, "did the union movement, which in the 1930s and 40s seemed so combative and fraught with possibilities, by the mid-1950s fall into organizational and political stagnation?" Part of the answer, both authors agree, is that it was a matter of political circumstances. In the later 1930s the national split between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. drained off energy that might otherwise have gone into completing the task of organizing the unorganized. On the West Coast

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the S.U.P. went into the A.F.L. and the I.L.W.U. into the C.I.O.; that, and a series of conflicts between the two major waterfront unions over strike and electoral strategy, left the Maritime Federation of the Pacific in ruins by 1938. Nelson mourns "the enormous energy that was expended in labor's civil war." The I.L.W.U. itself remained united and survived postwar attempts by anti-Communists to destroy it. But in the T.W.U., political fratricide shook the union. Cold-war pressures, a revived Catholic opposition and Mike Quill's genuine misgivings over the postwar direction taken by the C.P., U.S.A., all led to a purge of the T.W.U.'s Communist leaders in 1948.

Another and perhaps more important reason for the unions' retreat from militancy in the post–New Deal era is suggested in Nelson's and Freeman's discussion of "Americanism." Nelson argues that the patriotic themes and constant references to Jefferson, Paine and Lincoln in I.L.W.U. publications of the 1930s represented something more than a cynical Popular Front maneuver on the part of the union's Communist leaders:

> For the denizens of dock and sailortown, the language of militant Americanism became an expression of class pride, an instrument of cultural integration, a way of transcending the demeaning stereotypes of dock walloper and drunken sailor.

Something about the experience of the longshoremen—perhaps the distinctiveness of their working milieu—allowed them to retain a good measure of political class consciousness even while achieving that new "cultural integration." But the equation worked out differently for the transit workers. In that case an essentially conservative group of workers accepted radical leadership for a time because of their frustrated aspirations for "the full rights of bourgeois citizenship":

> If in the abstract Communists were committed to ending the bourgeois epoch, their concrete demands and daily activities placed them on the leading edge of the struggle for equal rights, expanded democracy, and economic growth—the very promises of capitalist life.

Labor radicals, Freeman suggests, may have succeeded too well for their own good. The movement of the white ethnic working class into the cultural and political mainstream in the years after the 1930s, in large measure the product of industrial unionism's triumph, wound up undercutting the possibilities for an oppositional politics based in the labor movement. The irony is that in the 1930s *the cradle did rock*—and the left fell out. □

Unions on the Left–II

NELSON LICHTENSTEIN

UPHEAVAL IN THE QUIET ZONE: A History of Hospital Workers' Union, Local 1199. *By Leon Fink and Brian Greenberg. University of Illinois Press. 298 pp. $24.95. Paper $9.95.*

Since the protest years of the 1960s, big East Coast demonstrations have usually included a spirited contingent from Local 1199, the Hospital Workers' Union. That presence has always been heartening because it seemed to prove it was possible to build a trade union that was not afraid of radicalism, that organized thousands from the black and Hispanic lower class and that sought to link its fortunes to the social movements for civil rights, peace and reproductive freedom.

In the splendid *Upheaval in the Quiet Zone*, historians Leon Fink and Brian Greenberg offer a sympathetic, though hardly uncritical, account of the remarkable rise and contemporary difficulties of this unusual trade union. Yet Local 1199's story is important beyond its ties to the left and its success in raising the wages of so many forgotten janitors and dishwashers, because the social and political terrain upon which it fought is characteristic of the new world American unions will have to conquer if they are ever to rebuild their fortunes. The voluntary hospitals of New York City, where 1199 has fought its greatest battles, increasingly typify the work sites of our times: heavily female and minority at the bottom, professional at the top; internally compartmentalized and enormously heterogeneous in skill level and job content.

Moreover, these service institutions cannot be "shut down." In none of its struggles could 1199 stop production the way an automobile workers' strike halts the assembly line. As a consequence, 1199's struggles have always been political at their core. The union's early organizing drives, in the 1950s, sought to convince public officials and municipal elites that unionism had a place in the hospitals; likewise, the level of public funding for social and medical services has dominated the endlessly complex negotiations of recent years.

Local 1199 was twice-born. It began as a pharmacists' union, one of a cluster of Communist-led, predominantly Jewish organizations that had carved out a sector of the New York retail trade in the 1930s. Forced out of the C.I.O., Local 1199, loosely affiliated with the Retail, Wholesale, Department Store Union, nevertheless managed to survive the McCarthy era with most of its drugstore base intact. Union activists, like 1199 president Leon Davis, soon drifted away from the Communist orbit, but not without retaining many of the half-cynical, half-sentimental values that had shaped their outlook in the Popular Front era. Chief among these was a commitment to racial justice. Of course, Local 1199 leaders had been schooled in the Communist Party's fight against Jim Crow, but the effort to organize Harlem pharmacists as well as the largely black drugstore stock men made racial egalitarianism a practical necessity as well.

Thus, 1199 was ready for the postwar transformation of the hospital system. As Federal construction money poured in and health insurance coverage opened the door to millions of working-class clients, hospitals added staff, built new facilities and hired professional administrators. But the bulk of their workers were still living in another era. Covered neither by the Wagner Act nor by the wages-and-hour regulations, the tens of thousands who worked in hospital laundries, food preparation departments and boiler rooms were part of a new class of migrant workers from the American South, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean.

Local 1199, which had long sought to organize the laboratory technicians and pharmacists within the hospitals, now shifted its attention to the low-paid service workers, first at Montefiore Medical Center in 1958 and then, during an epic forty-six-day strike in 1959, at several voluntary hospitals in Manhattan and

Nelson Lichtenstein teaches history at the University of Virginia and is editor of On the Line: Essays in the History of Auto Work *(University of Illinois Press).*

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Brooklyn. These early battles had elements of a kind of civil war between a Russian-Jewish-led union and the largely German-Jewish elite who dominated many hospital boards. In a few instances this proved advantageous: When a mid-level supervisor at Montefiore hired a crew of Pinkerton agents, the hospital director recoiled in horror and had them dismissed. But in general the hospitals took a hard line. The Greater New York Hospital Association had the law on its side, hundreds of volunteer strike-breakers and most of the major city newspapers. Despite spirited picket lines, 1199 could not stop the hospitals from functioning.

As Fink and Greenberg make clear, the real issue in the strike was the legitimacy of the union, not just as an institution but as a way of looking at and improving the desperate plight of black and Hispanic service workers. Calling its struggle a "fight for emancipation," the union linked the hospital strike to the newly awakened civil rights consciousness, a startling innovation in 1959, when civil rights issues were almost exclusively identified with desegregation and voting rights in the Deep South. At the same time, 1199 won the enthusiastic, overwhelming support of the still-liberal, still-powerful New York City labor movement, as well as that of prominent figures like Eleanor Roosevelt and Herbert Lehman, who pushed city officials to mediate the strike.

The union came out of this conflict barely alive. It did not win recognition, a wage increase or a grievance procedure. Privately, the union's top officials admitted that the final settlement was a defeat, certainly according to the norms of union-management bargaining that prevailed in the late 1950s. Yet something remarkable happened when these thousands of service workers returned to their hospital duties. Far from feeling beaten, they had defied their social and professional betters and survived. They had forged a tie with the union that a mere calculus of wages and benefits could not encompass. "We'd been through forty-six days with these people," remembered Moe Foner, the resourceful political strategist who handled 1199's press relations, "and we knew that they wanted our union, they were prepared to go to hell and back for this union."

Back at work activists badgered supervisors, called hospital site meetings and set up a well-coordinated delegate (steward) system. So great was its momentum that within four years of its "defeat" Local 1199 had secured a new collective-bargaining law in New York State, won recognition from the Hospital League and established a solid alliance with black community leaders, including Malcolm X. By 1968, New York hospital workers were finally taking home a salary that was higher than the minimum established for a family of four on welfare. By then the question naturally arose, Could 1199 repeat its New York success elsewhere?

The local would find out in Charleston, South Carolina. In a skillful and moving chapter, the authors carefully separate myth from reality to tell the story of 1199's most celebrated struggle—indeed, one of the American South's most bitter labor confrontations in half a century. Here was a conflict of high drama and enormous potential, which more than any other episode gave 1199's slogan "Union Power, Soul Power" real meaning.

The hospital union had chartered its first out-of-state local in that Deep South city after a group of hospital workers, inspired by the civil rights movement and the black power impulse, had called on 1199 for help. But unlike New York's,

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Charleston's elite was both socially monolithic and without a tradition of liberalism. To overcome such intransigence, 1199 would have to raise the conflict to the same level of moral confrontation and national recognition that had made the civil rights breakthroughs possible in Birmingham and Selma, Alabama. Thus the union shared direction of the struggle with veteran organizers from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, who rallied the black community to fill the streets and jails with demonstrators. Governor Robert McNair declared martial law, money and marchers poured in from the North and the Nixon Administration faced the first test of its "Southern strategy," designed to build a white Republican majority in that region. With the strike a liberal *cause célèbre* and the Charleston hospital's funding in question because of civil rights violations, the White House engineered a settlement that gave 1199 something it could label a victory.

For a moment it seemed as if Charleston might turn into the breakthrough that would begin the long-delayed organization of Dixie itself. In South Carolina black voter registration and political awareness shot upward; union agitation spread across the state. Fearing "another Charleston," hospital administrators in Baltimore and Philadelphia put few obstacles in the way of 1199's organization of several thousand workers in those cities.

In Charleston itself, however, euphoria turned into disorganization as both the S.C.L.C. and 1199 pulled their organizers out. Unlike in New York a decade earlier, the union never had the critical mass to establish itself firmly at the hospital work sites. Indeed, even with several unions in the field, organization of the health care industry lost momentum in the 1970s. Hospitals were put under the national labor law in 1974, but to 1199 organizers this restrictive version of the Taft-Hartley Act proved "a yoke around our necks." Not unexpectedly, hospital administrators and their management consultants became adept at fighting unionization. More important, the politicization of hospital finances now came back to haunt 1199 as the urban fiscal crunch squeezed health care budgets and cut real wages in the late 1970s and early 1980s.

But the most devastating blow to 1199 came from within, as a half-decade of racially charged factionalism engulfed the union. In a carefully formulated chapter that steps gingerly through the mine field of accusation and countercharge, Fink and Greenberg find no heroes or heroines, only the same corrosive set of racial and economic dilemmas that have so diminished the political culture of all urban institutions in recent years.

Leon Davis and the rest of the Jewish-radical old guard knew they must relinquish control of Local 1199 to a predominantly black generation of hospital unionists, even as 1199 prepared for a merger with the health care division of the much larger Service Employees International Union. But the founders were unwilling to see 1199's distinctive brand of progressive unionism evaporate in the transition, which is what seemed to be happening as first Doris Turner and then Georgianna Johnson took command of the union's key New York City district. "How do you teach a world view?" Moe Foner once asked plaintively, perhaps revealing a tinge of old-guard paternalism. "To us it was like breathing." Turner, who had once been Davis's protégée, revealed some of the pitfalls inherent in 1199's "soul power" strategy when that was not linked to a larger social vision. This charismatic figure won fierce loyalty from many minority service workers, but nearly wrecked the union with a purge of the staff, a stolen election and a disastrous 1984 strike. When the dust settled the New York section of 1199 barely clung to life, and the out-of-state locals had divided off, eventually merging with other health care unions.

Unionists schooled in old-guard traditions won control again, and today 1199 is doing better, with a popularly elected Latino president and a spirited campaign for higher wages in the current negotiating round. Fink and Greenberg conclude their book with no formula for the resolution of 1199's problems. At best they offer the wistful hope that the union might find inner strength in a return to the spirit of the civil rights movement's "beloved community." But what seems

IN THE TETONS

A trout in a pool
is the eye
looking at me,
cutthroat, red,
big as a dish,
curved like a half moon
caught in mid passage
where the falls
halt for a short
drink among rocks,
water clear
and turning in slow
bubbles,
a trout hung below the lip,
serene for the moment
in the middle of

plunging cliffs;

Hokusai would have known him,
familiar as a lost child
in a dream

of clouds and fleshy
escarpments
(how the hills
hunch over like meddlesome
grandmothers!)
and the trout,
miles high in his aerial
ribbon of water,

bullies his way
around.

Ron De Maris

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more obvious is that 1199's difficulties will not end without a restoration of material resources and social consciousness in metropolitan America. Local 1199 may well be part of that struggle, but it can't do it alone. □

Jesse and Me

MICAH L. SIFRY

THE JACKSON PHENOMENON: The Man, the Power, the Message. *By Elizabeth O. Colton. Doubleday. 290 pp. $19.95.*

A progressive critique of presidential campaign coverage has yet to be written. This is odd, given the frankly ideological nature of most reporting and the enormity of its influence. Well before the first primary ballots are cast, a chummy bunch of national political reporters anoint the front-runners and challengers—and it is their assumptions that define the "conventional wisdom." The early stages of the presidential race—when candidates are dependent on funders and desperate for grass-roots support—are strongly affected by these judgments. Negative press can snuff out contenders' hopes, while positive speculation can inflate them. Think of it as a Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle of political reporting: The press cannot observe a candidacy without affecting its course and speed.

When that book is written, it will likely focus on Jesse Jackson's 1987-88 campaign. As the primary season opened Jackson emerged as both front-runner in the polls and long shot to the pols—an unsettling combination. But the press, with few exceptions, dismissed Jackson. He led the Democratic field by a large margin from the time of Gary Hart's withdrawal in May 1987 until the end of the year, but drew no recognition or benefit from that fact. Instead, that August, R.W. Apple of *The New York Times* proclaimed "the candidates this year are all still relatively unknown," but that Michael Dukakis and Richard Gephardt had the "early lead"—a prediction soon echoed by other *Times* reporters. David Broder of *The Washington Post* failed to mention Jackson in a single column from June until December, and then disparaged him as a "protest candidate." Only with Jackson's startling victory over Dukakis in the Michigan caucus did the media begin to take him seriously. By then, both proponents and opponents of his candidacy could argue that it was too late to make a difference—the former by saying that he had been denied crucial resources at the campaign's early stages, the latter by claiming that he had been given a "free ride" by the media.

Elizabeth O. Colton, a former correspondent for *Newsweek* and National Public Radio, was Jackson's press secretary during the early months of 1988 as his campaign struggled to break out of the media-imposed shadow. Despite that vantage point, *The Jackson Phenomenon: The Man, the Power, the Message* has little to say about the way the press handicapped Jackson. Furthermore, although the book is organized chronologically by primaries and most chapters open with quotations from Jackson's speeches in an effort to show the evolution of his program, Colton does little justice to the real phenomenon of the campaign. Instead she perversely focuses on Jackson's consuming need for attention. One reason for his appeal to the down and out was that he consistently stood with them at the "point of challenge"—at the plant gate or farmhouse auction—even when the media were nowhere to be found. All Colton sees in these activities is Jackson "collecting personal human-interest stories for his vast anecdotal repertoire." Likewise, she describes his pursuit of the Vice Presidency before the Democratic National Convention as an unseemly ego trip. The possibility that Jackson was trying to tilt Dukakis away from bland centrism and wrestle a share of power in the party is dismissed as mere rhetoric.

The Jackson Phenomenon does contain useful reprises of Jackson's Workers' Bill of Rights, his agenda for the New South and his statements on drugs and AIDS. But it is also as badly written as most campaign diaries, and in some places plain wrong. Colton makes much of a supposed split between Jackson campaign manager Gerald J. Austin and chief policy adviser Robert Borosage and goes so far as to claim that Jackson favored Borosage because New York–born Austin lost his home state while Borosage, a Michigan native, delivered his. She identifies both Borosage and

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Austin as Jews, although Borosage is not Jewish.

Colton's interpretation of the New York primary—the turning point of the Democratic race—is ludicrously one-sided. In her almost gleeful view, Jackson lost ground because he overconfidently assumed that he could control the media and the "Jewish issue" would just go away. Jackson may have been mistaken in not meeting publicly with Jewish leaders in the city, but besides Mayor Ed Koch there were many in both the Albert Gore Jr. and Dukakis camps who were all too happy to inflame white fears for their own purposes. Since neither of the white candidates ever let slip a racial slur, the press saw no racism in their campaigns and ignored the practical efforts of their supporters. Colton is mute on whether the press's obsession with the Jewish issue in the New York primary was fair.

Ultimately, Colton became disillusioned with Jackson because he wasn't the saint she originally thought he was. Staff members, especially women, were treated imperiously, she reports; serving as his press secretary was a "thankless task." And so, after less than three months with the campaign, she quit. Though Colton is careful to consider that other candidates probably acted no better, the hurt from Jackson's slights and public criticism of her work obviously runs deep. Such gripes are not unusual—but most people don't write whole books about them. □

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Balancing Acts

ROBYN SELMAN

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY. *By Judith Barrington. Eighth Mountain Press. 109 pp. $7.95.*

THE MAN WHO DIED EN ROUTE. *By Nell Altizer. University of Massachusetts Press. 57 pp. $17.95. Paper $7.95.*

Most narrative poets want to strike a balance between the apparent and the oblique, the accessible and the mysterious, and know that following any one course too rigidly leads to poetic suicide. Striving for instant accessibility, the poet may forgo imagination; seeking too much mystery, the poet may forgo her or his audience. So while we may mistrust a poet who sounds too sure, we may also mistrust the one who consistently—however elegantly—chronicles experience but fails to add it up for us.

Most of Judith Barrington's poems tell stories. Almost all are written in the past tense, which may signal the poet's willingness to assume responsibility for the events she's recounting—something often missing from the abundance of poems written today in the present indicative. Her collection, aptly named *History and Geography*, is rooted in Barrington's own past. But, perhaps due to the voice of recollection, these poems are less like meandering journeys and more like after-the-fact armchair observances: predictable. Barrington begins this, her second volume, with a series of seven poems entitled "Villanelles for a Drowned Parent." As early as the first poem, she discloses her own questions about what is inevitable in our lives and what is not:

> Should I, for instance, hold on
> steadfastly
> To my belief that I can foretell my
> fate?
> You always said you knew you'd die
> at sea
>
> as if, without doubt, you could foresee
> that end to the voyage you knew you'd
> hate
> and what does all this mean, since
> for me
>
> it's a plane, not a ship that weakens my
> knee?

Perhaps the problem with Barrington's poems of personal history is that they hold on too steadfastly, too close to a fate foretold.

Barrington merges the titles of Robert Lowell's *History* and Elizabeth Bishop's *Geography III*. Her history, like Lowell's, is intensely personal; her geography, like Bishop's, extracts the familiar from the exotic and the exotic from the familiar. But it's Adrienne Rich's lines that Barrington chooses as the epigraph for her book: "The tests I need to pass are prescribed by the spirits/of place who understand travel but not amnesia." For it is the spirits of place that, for Barrington, make memory—and therefore, history—possible.

Maybe that's why the poems of geography are the strongest in the collection, as she sets out "tracking history that is your home/as no country can ever be." In these poems, Barrington adds things up less, leaving the wisely chosen details to their own integrity. In a series set in Gibraltar she captures, with layerings of precise detail and music, the kaleidoscopic activity of the natural world seen from "The High Villages":

> Our windows overlooked the flat
> rooftops
> of Moorish houses: moulded gullies,
> peppers drying by ceramic pots,
> and the Poqueria Gorge below, a
> sudden surprise
> between barely parted thighs.

As she travels between Gibraltar, Scotland and Oregon, Barrington shapes, poem by poem, the story of her life as a lesbian. In recent years, lesbian literature has been rich with stories of mature "conversion" to the love of women, but we've heard far less from women who discovered and explored their homosexuality in youth and adolescence. In the sequence entitled "The Dyke With No Name," Barrington expands the picture of lesbian life, showing a young woman simultaneously compelled and terrified by her attraction to an older woman:

Robyn Selman is a poet who also writes criticism for The Village Voice.

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and the throbbing which never stops
and the fear which is sex and the sex
always knocking at the door, the sex
which means she can't help herself,
the sex
which is also fear and which has no
name.

Warring emotions also suffuse the poems of Nell Altizer, author of the remarkable Juniper Prize winner *The Man Who Died en Route*. Altizer takes us to the islands of Hawaii, a terrain dusted with wild flowers but, like Barrington's landscapes, also marked by graves. Altizer's provocative title suggests that we'll encounter the departed. But instead, it's the ominous palpitations of the heart of the survivor we hear. When we first meet her in "Love Poem," she likens herself to a flickering candle flame that "grow[s] stars blown in like breath/in love, blue out, dim and more/dim the more invisible I fall."

Altizer's baroque diction at first recalls that of John Berryman. But reading further, one hears too the raging of Anne Sexton and the rowdy spirit of Ruth Stone: "Perhaps I'll write a hundred goddamned/ sonnets about men who die," Altizer declares with what is, we soon learn, her characteristic bravado. Sometimes gorgeous and tough, sometimes lyrically Motown, Altizer's versatility with language reflects a deep connection between poet and subject matter. But in her sonnet sequences, Altizer's talents and liabilities vie for the reader's attention. One marvels at her spectacular linguistic leaps while at the same time wishing for a clearer story line. When, for example, in the midst of her sequence "Fool, Said My Muse," she takes her clergyman/lover to task (sad to say, it's impossible to tell for what, exactly), she frames a rhetorical question damning the "accessible" that could just as easily serve as her poetic credo:

God, do we just appear?
What is apparent and transparent?
This:
the guileless, flimsy, obvious, and
clear.

Yet must the poet renounce the obvious and clear entirely? Primarily using a seven-syllable line to reinforce the haunting music of her poem "Widow Suite," Altizer communicates feeling and meaning without forgoing her mysterious way of winding forward:

For the straw, for the locks,
for the window, for the box,
little sister, for the night
pluck will you follow
in my shoes? Could you marry,
little sister? Marry loss.

Altizer triumphs again in her dramatic monologues; in one in particular, in the voice of Charlotte Brontë, Altizer takes on again the haunting world of the dead, made just clear enough. Like the winds of the equinox she describes in "Haworth Parsonage, 31 March 1855," her words pound and dance across the uncompliant page, and it gives. Ultimately, Altizer's fine poems resolve issues of clarity and mystery with their own delicate balancing:

For ten days the winds of the equinox
have surged and crashed like bones
against the uncompliant
stones of this parsonage. The shelves in
the churchyard
crack in vernal heaving every year,
break half and half,
splitting the dead world open. □

MUSIC.

EDWARD W. SAID

Peter Sellars's Mozart

Peter Sellars's detailed scene-by-scene notes and interpretive essays on *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan tutte* and *The Marriage of Figaro* were handed out at his productions of those works at Pepsico's Summerfare at the State University of New York at Purchase. This unusual and commendable practice not only helped the audience to understand what the director had in mind but was also part of the difficult job of persuading audiences to accept extremely uncommon views of these very commonly performed masterpieces. I had seen and written in these pages about Sellars's earlier productions of *Don Giovanni* and *Così fan tutte* [September 26, 1987], which were then also put on at Pepsico's Summerfare. But I welcomed the occasion to see them again this year, performed as a cycle with *The Marriage of Figaro*. This was Pepsico's tenth and last year; the occasion therefore recommended itself as a summation of Sellars's work on these remarkable, extremely worldly and complex operas.

What connects the three productions is not the much-remarked-on cleverness of conception (or gimmickry, or, according to *The New York Times*'s relentless Donal Henahan, "directorial hybris," if you don't like them), nor Sellars's mad-

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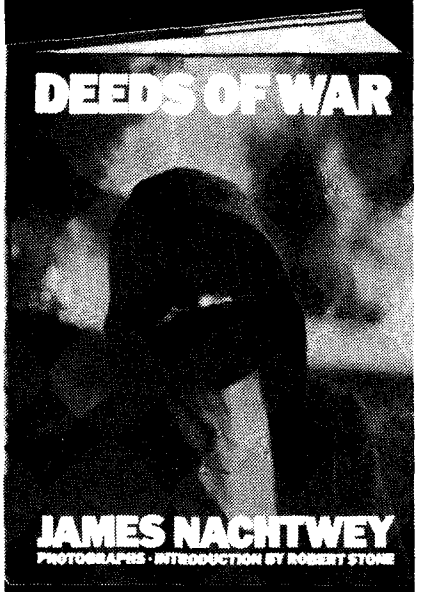

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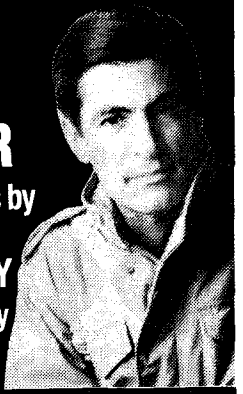

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Photo of James Nachtwey by William Coupon

cap exuberance, nor the startling juxtaposition of truly classical eighteenth-century music and Italian words with twentieth-century American semi-pop allusions. It is rather that Sellars's views have a specifically political tendency. He argues first that all three operas were self-conscious products of a society on the verge of revolution; then he translates them into an unmistakably broad late-twentieth-century American idiom in order to suggest that the "*ancien régime* [here] is crumbling, whether it cares to admit it or not." Thus *Figaro* is set in Trump Tower, in which Count Almaviva is a wealthy but lecherous tenant who employs Figaro and Susanna as driver and maid; *Don Giovanni* is set in a New York ghetto, its hero a black pusher and addict who is seen as parasitical on the "oppressive class structure that Mozart depicted"; *Così*—the finest of Sellars's productions—is set in Despina's Diner, with its manager, Don Alfonso, a "Vietnam vet who is having trouble hanging on," and the two couples portrayed as silly yuppies.

I happen to be in general agreement with Sellars's premises and his bold and innovative schemes for the three operas. Yet, I don't feel able to pretend that the cycle is terrific all the way through, or that Sellars is on the mark all the time. However brilliantly daring it may be as a translation from eighteenth-century Seville, *Don Giovanni* as produced by Sellars is, I felt this time, disturbing, unpleasant and monotonously haranguing. While Mozart fastidiously distinguishes between aristocracy, urban dwellers and peasants, most of the action in Sellars's version takes place on an ill-lit ugly stoop, and all the characters are drawn from the dregs of the earth—thereby rendering the politics of the work both primitive and, ultimately, unengaging. Despite Sellars's discovery of a pair of identical black twins, Eugene and Herbert Perry, to sing Don Giovanni and Leporello splendidly—a dazzling masterstroke that underlines the opera's amorality and disregard of ordinary conceptions of identity—there is a claustrophobic dissonance throughout that finally overwhelms the work. The characters fade into one another, the action is muddled, the extraordinarily contrapuntal stage logistics planned by Mozart are garbled in the extreme. Sellars is not helped by Craig Smith, his conductor. Smith's time-beating is regular enough, but his tempi (mostly too fast, especially in *Così*, or else nondescript and aimless) and balances are either indifferent to the music or simply coarse.

Sellars's obvious regard for Smith increases my suspicions that, as a director with a strong political vision to render theatrically, he wants the music kept as streamlined and innocuous as possible. This isn't to say, however, that his singers are not adequate; they are wonderful to look at, and in a couple of cases excellent. Sellars makes you realize that Mozart's male figures are consistently more interesting than the females, and certainly when it comes to that combination of airy competence, endearing sonority and suave musicality necessary for Mozart's swaggering macho poses (always complicated with either self-criticism or misanthropy) Sellars's baritones and tenors are more convincing than, in their own ways, the sopranos are. As Figaro and Don Alfonso, Sanford Sylvan—bald, overweight, eerily effective, with wraparound smiles and appealingly awkward flourishes—is the one international-class singer in the cycle. He is seconded by James Maddalena as Almaviva and Guglielmo. Maddalena's voice has a rougher edge, but he is somehow always in control even though he occasionally overstates and overexpresses. Frank Kelley (Don Basilio and Ferrando) has a piercing, nasal timbre to his tenor, but he carries off his part with a strikingly serene musical confidence that is charmingly undercut by a campy slouch.

Aside from Despina, who is tough, Mozart's heroines tend to a weepy complaining that Sellars, this time around, rather misogynistically accentuates. This emphasized the relative thinness or reediness in their voices; thus Susan Larson, spritely and endlessly inventive as the page boy Cherubino, returns as a despairing Fiordiligi, whose anguish at self-discovery keeps dissolving into aimless hysteria. It's hard to do much of that to Mozart without mercilessly exposing *all* a singer's weaknesses at the same time. Yet I still find it difficult to tell whether those problems—much greater in *Don Giovanni*—are the fault of Mozart, who viewed women as either girlish pranksters or teary shrews, or of Sellars. I suspect the former, but we have become so accustomed to the lush and cloying archness of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf or Lisa Della Casa as models for these roles that we ignore their inherent (and deeply despairing) limits.

There is nevertheless an unsettling insouciance about the way Sellars treats

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musical matters, which leaves no doubt that he is trying to do for opera what is rarely attempted: Wagner was the last serious composer, librettist and producer to study the tension between words and music and opera and decide that music was the most important. Since his time, everyone has continued to believe that opera is mainly a musical genre. Sellars has the idea of treating the work as a full-scale intellectual, social and aesthetic project, and *not* mainly a musical one. Dramatic details and production values are always changed by Sellars in different versions of the same opera; this is why the unity or purpose in his productions often emerges only later, by retrospective illumination, even though one has the impression of a great deal of thought and practice having gone into them. No less important, his opera conceptions, of which the Mozart/da Ponte cycle is his biggest and most integral, are clearly intended as a full-scale assault on the conventions that currently prevail nearly everywhere on opera stages in the United States. His restless and brilliantly critical imagination keeps running up against and taking pitiless aim at the idea (much vaunted at the big houses) that opera performances ought to provide the occasion for ceremonies of veneration and slavish repetition. The turns that Sellars rings on Mozart's courtly operas make you wonder why wooden delicacy and affectations of authenticity have satisfied us for so long. We learn through Sellars that they never did satisfy us, not just because their silly conventions leave Mozart untouched but also because they protect the laziness and incompetence of most opera companies.

I wish I could easily appraise the final political or even theoretical import of what Sellars does. O.K., so he is postmodern, deft, creative. But there is the bothersome question of his, and our, complicity with the cultural establishments that have made him successful. I'd like to think he has an ironic sense about that—for instance, when he mocks late capitalism on a stage that has been munificently subsidized by Pepsico. He's an extraordinarily gifted man, and his opera productions outstrip any others in the United States. I am always stimulated by what Sellars does, but I'm still not entirely convinced that he has really gone beyond the handful of arresting gestures that have made his Mozart/da Ponte work so striking and at the same time so curiously inconclusive. Is there a whole vision or theory there?

A clue to that will come when Sellars takes more of a position on the music. So far he seems to confine it rather antiseptically, as if he were letting it take care of itself (which it can't, with Smith doing so little to help). He now has a fine company of amiable and hugely competent regulars to work with, but what would he do with a roster of truly excellent singers? Then, I think, Sellars would have to deal with the challenges to conventional performances provided for classical music by people like Roger Norrington and, an earlier instance, Glenn Gould. And then maybe we would know the extent and the depth of his vision. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 262*)

have a left hand too. In the planning for Osmarino's visit, cited by Rich/Schwartzman, some people wanted to invite labor folk like Tony Mazzochi and Stan Gacek. The E.D.F. wanted Senator Al D'Amato, though later agreed to ask the labor people.

How much are you going to tell the James Bakers and Al D'Amatos of this world about the rubber tappers or Chico Mendes? A funding appeal sent out by the E.D.F. and signed by Steve Schwartzman gives one a pretty good idea. Chico Mendes, whose murder the fund-raising letter most certainly, if pardonably, exploited, is presented as a kind of Albert Schweitzer figure. The uninitiated reader would not guess that Mendes was a deeply committed socialist and a founder of the Workers' Party in Acre, who learned his politics, as he did his reading and writing, at the knee of Euclides Távora, who had escaped from prison in 1936 after having joined Luis Carlos Prestes, earlier the leader of the famous "Prestes column," which marched 14,000 miles through the backlands of Brazil urging the peasants to rise. Távora, after years of labor organizing in Bolivia, settled in the Acrean rubber forests, where he gave Mendes his education in politics—above all, labor politics.

Rich/Schwartzman's laborious attempt to present the National Council of Rubber Tappers as something free of party or union politics would have mystified Chico Mendes. He described the C.N.S. as being a means of "strengthening the trade union movement," of bolstering rubber tappers' labor organizing beyond the Rural Workers Unions. He would surely have found Rich/Schwartzman's description of the Forest Peoples' meeting in Rio Branco in March of this year—"a regionally based initiative to conserve the forest, independent of political parties and the union movement"—a comical piece of First World liberal lawyer language,

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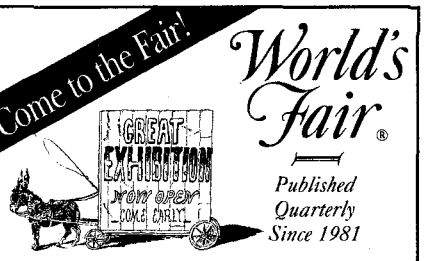

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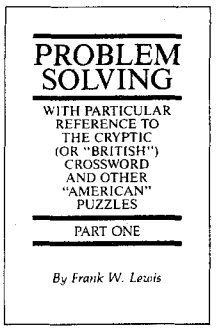
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designed for the consumption of people like Gore and D'Amato.

It is ridiculous to see the activities of the rubber tappers divorced from their union politics or the labor movement. Osmarino, in the very interview that Rich/Schwartzman profess to admire, talked mostly about union organizing. The fund-raising letter signed by Schwartzman invoked "extractive reserves" as one of Mendes and the rubber tappers' great innovations. But here again it is disastrously shortsighted to discuss extractive reserves without setting them in a political context. How can extractive reserves be maintained without educated and committed forest workers and forest dwellers running them? How can they be run if most of these workers and dwellers are not politicized, organized, unionized?

Many First World environmental groups are now selling extractive reserves to their members as visions of modern pastoral. Once again, Mendes would surely have found this absurd. The ranchers and the Brazilian government would be quite happy to see the political ferment in Amazonia confined to a few extractive reserves, safely fenced off, Disney-style, from business as usual, part of the tour for First Worlders down on a visit. Signed into legal existence on August 15 in the state of Amazonas was an extractive reserve in an area that has seen no land conflict. Named Ceu de Mapiá, it is basically an agricultural colony, devoted to the cult of the hallucinogenic vine called in Brazil *santo daime*, and known better in North America as yage. The *santo daime* cult is hierarchical, along lines most fatally imposed by Jim Jones. The reserve was ratified by the Brazilian state in three months; extractive reserves in Acre with a rather different political tilt have been struggling for ratification for years in the face of persecution and murder. The budget for Ceu de Mapiá, under the auspices of UNEP (the United Nations Environmental Program), is $6 million, a sum many times that devoted to existing or projected extractive reserves.

Rich/Schwartzman may not care to hear it, but a lot of money has been raised in the name of Chico Mendes and the rubber tappers, and a lot of it has not got down to the Amazon, with the rationale of maintaining overhead, financing projects in the First World, awaiting the emergence of "responsible recipients," etc. There was no "straw man" in our article but rather an attempt to disentangle our old friend, the ambiguous dialectic. Sure, the E.D.F. has done some good work. And Schwartzman has also spent a fair amount of the past few months in both the United States and Brazil seeking to broker a Hollywood contract for a movie about Chico Mendes and the rubber tappers that on the terms of at least one bid could net him $100,000 in consultant's fees. Hollywood is a big funding base for the E.D.F. So of course Schwartzman thinks about such constituencies when he presents his version of what Chico Mendes and the rubber tappers are all about. These are among the facts of his life. Politics is about making alliances, as Chico Mendes well knew.

But if Chico Mendes reached out to the E.D.F., he also reached out to the CUT, the radical labor organization in Brazil that represents 10 million workers and is politically allied to but independent of the Workers' Party. By contrast, the E.D.F. and (far more so) other North American environmental organizations tend to see their coalition-building responsibilities stretching out not so much toward the radical end of the spectrum as toward the D'Amatos of this world. And in every alliance with the D'Amatos of this world, one has to ask, Who in the end is taking whom for a ride?

Mendes was no Schweitzer. Here's a note he scribbled not long before his death, which has failed thus far to find its way into any North American funding appeals:

> Attention youth of the future:
>
> 6th of September of the year 2120
> Anniversary of first centenary of the
> World Socialist Revolution,
> that unified all the people of the
> planet. Not just an ideal,
> and not just a thought of socialist
> unity. . . .
>
> Excuse me
> I was dreaming when I wrote this
> Occurrences that I really never will see,
> but which I have the
> pleasure of having dreamed.

Susanna Hecht
Alexander Cockburn

BAH, LIGHTNINGBUG!

Chicago

Thoughts engendered upon the reading of Edward Hoagland's "Spring" [June 19]: A short filler article appeared like a putrid, running sore. Tired metaphors rested tiredly on the open page. Cute animals ate ugly animals, feral in their wildness; unconnected thoughts tumbled like tumbleweeds, joined by semicolons. Squirrels behaved as if controlled by giant monopolies. Outside, the breeze blew lightly by, as if it had waited too long to quit smoking. Inside, confusion reigned like a delicate Monarch carried upward on a cool spring zephyr. And so on.

Kermit Daniel
Jeff Smith

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H	■	I	■	N	■	I	■	N	■	E	■	A	■	T
A	C	T	S	F	O	R	■	D	E	C	A	T	U	R
N	■	T	■	R	■	S	■	O	■	A	■	I	■	E
G	A	L	L	O	N	■	E	G	G	P	L	A	N	T
E	■	E	■	C	■	A	■	A	■	S	■	T	■	C
S	T	R	I	K	E	D	U	M	B	■	M	E	S	H
O	■	■	■	S	■	A	■	O	■	D	■	■	■	O
N	I	B	S	■	A	M	M	U	N	I	T	I	O	N
E	■	A	■	D	■	A	■	S	■	S	■	N	■	E
S	I	N	G	E	I	N	G	■	S	P	A	S	M	S
M	■	D	■	N	■	D	■	T	■	O	■	I	■	L
I	T	E	M	I	Z	E	■	R	E	S	I	D	U	E
N	■	A	■	A	■	V	■	I	■	E	■	E	■	G
D	O	U	B	L	E	E	X	P	O	S	U	R	E	S

Crossword Puzzle No. 2256

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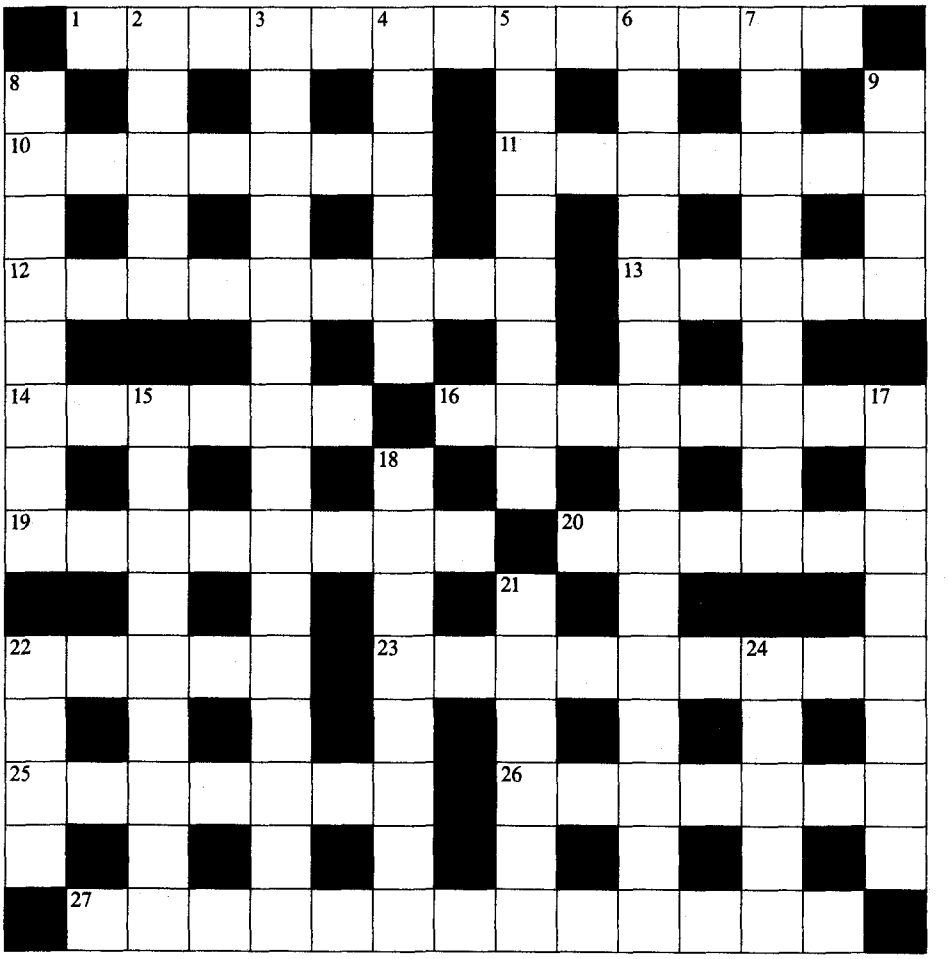

ACROSS

1 Watch which is not quite right, yet still goes like this? (That's what the eager beaver is!) (3,3,7)
10 Bad, bad sign for part of the body! (7)
11 Some art is bad, but he should know all about it! (7)
12 This Budd's not exactly for you, but for some who believe otherwise. (9)
13 The point around which Superman's friend makes place for certain chops . . . (5)
14 . . . and the opposite point about which the guy with the arrow shows a tooth. (6)
16 A short thirty-one days, and a result of minor collision will no longer be considered respectable. (8)
19 Wisdom enough to write a story on the big town . . . (8)
20 . . . and one who considers whether it's fit to print. (6)
22 Seen in N. Z. possibly by mother, otherwise by me less objectively. (5)
23 Possibly one from Gdansk, or thereabouts, but sounds like Oliver's survey. (5,4)
25 Derision, except for the cap, could become a lot louder. (7)
26 The little arbiter takes one step around and makes a preliminary statement. (7)
27 Certainly not a Third World conflict! (That's when the Yanks were coming!) (5,5,3)

DOWN

2 Bet against the casting type being somewhat washed out? (5)
3 They just sit and gripe, evidently—and not just practically so! (8,7)
4 An old potentate—and not just in a soap opera! (6)
5 Revealed when such as dominoes are definitely "not on"? (8)
6 Plied in a certain song of Thomas Hood, to require non-fat, and Dr. Death, in a way. (6,3,6)
7 Even with a thousand less, it would be equally sustaining. (9)
8 Envisioned a lot of money—commonly ten-dollar bills—and this will hold what you saw! (8)
9 The woman of 13, done in oils. (4)
15 Has questionable origins in a title of respect for young gentlemen of Rome. (9)
17 Like certain castle walls, or possibly tanks? (8)
18 Someone like Mr. Musial pictured as one having a cross to bear? (2,6)
21 Not an amateur through this, which is quite fitting. (6)
22 It's not yours that gets dug out! (4)
24 You can spot a city from a hamlet, obviously. (5)

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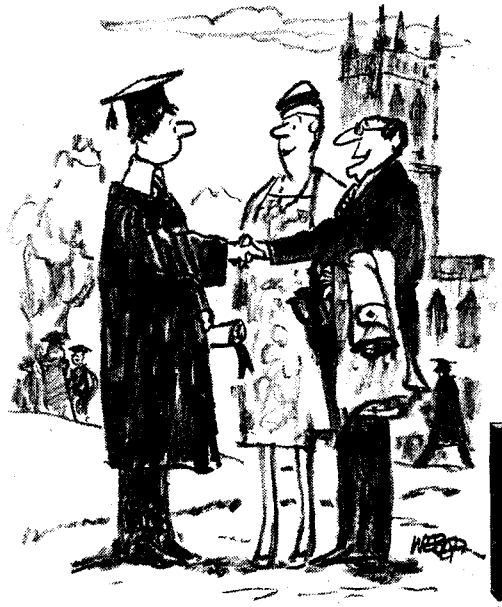
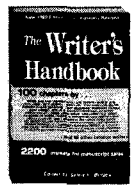


You're on your own now, son. Your mom and I will be sending you our bill for $241,000.



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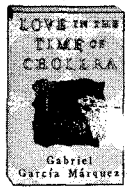

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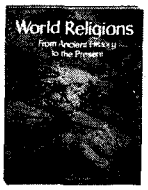

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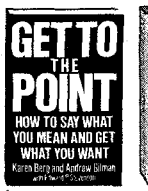

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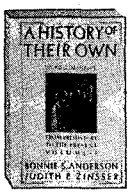

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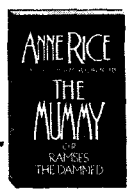

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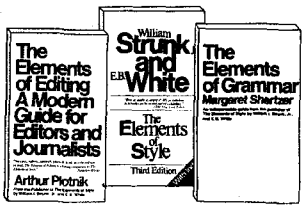
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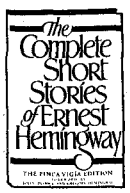

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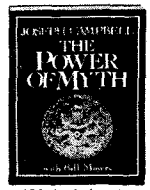

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